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THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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"SO LITTLE TIME"
by John P. Marquand
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

"THE CONSPIRACY OF THE CARPENTERS"
by Hermann Borchardt
Reviewed by Struthers Burt

"AT HEAVEN'S GATE"
by Robert Penn Warren
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

READING FOR COMBAT
by Colonel Joseph I. Greene

FICTION AND THE SOLDIER
by Colonel R. Ernest Dupuy

Reviews and Articles by:
Joseph McKible, Col. John U. Ayotte, Foster Kennedy, H. A. DeWeerd, R. G. McCloskey, Lt. Col. A. Symons, Raymond Holden, Percival Knauth, P. Schubert, Lt. Col. James W. Bellah.

J. P. MARQUAND has constructed a mirror in which the reader is constantly finding himself. (See page 4)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men in U. S. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVI, No. 34, August 21, 1943. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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J. P. Marquand's Literary Wizardry

SO LITTLE TIME. By John P. Marquand. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. 595 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

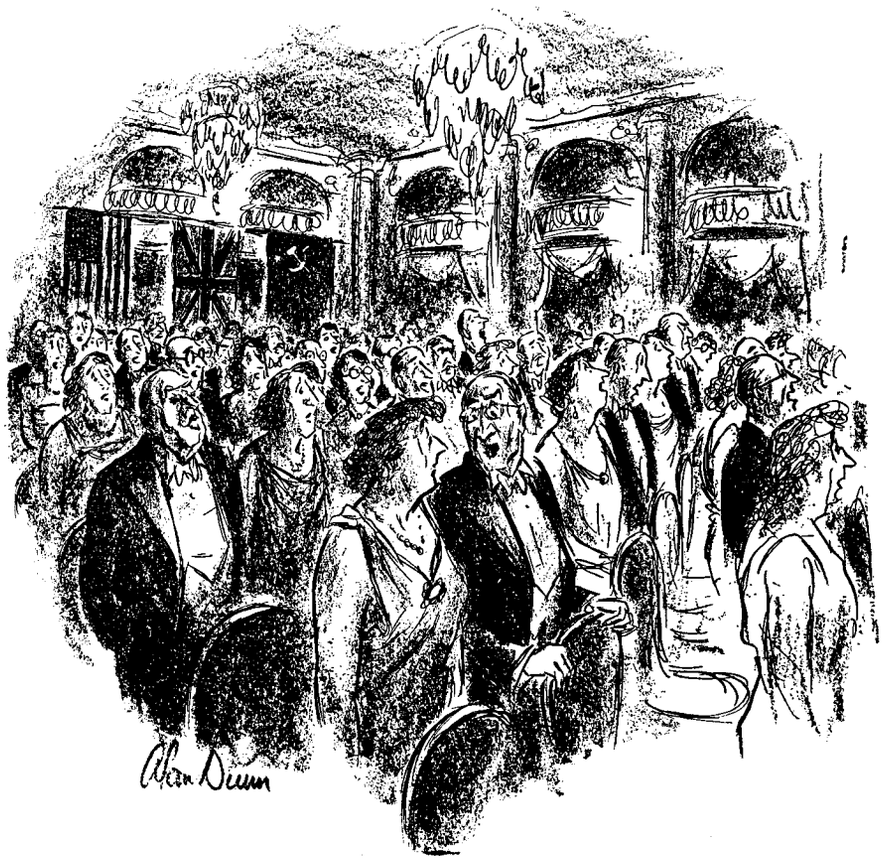
IN this new book all of Mr. Marquand's familiar gifts are conspicuously displayed, but on a broader canvas than he has used before, and with less than the usual concealment of underlying seriousness. As he has never written better, although he has written more economically, there is good reason to believe that this novel of our time, charged with its emotions, its problems, and its follies, will greatly increase a popularity that is already and deservedly large.

The personal story is that of Jeffrey Wilson, successful play doctor, well and happily married according to any rational standards, who feels that somewhere he has missed the way; that if he had taken another turning—if he had not married Madge, perhaps—he might be writing his own plays, instead of rewriting other people's on a fat royalty basis, and going out to Hollywood at top salary to breathe life into other people's scripts. The encompassing story is that of a nation drifting into war, from the autumn of 1940, when the Germans invaded Norway, until the end of 1941, when all interventionist-isolationist arguments were stilled.

Actually, Mr. Marquand plays over few of these arguments, although we are steadily aware of them in the background. The conflict which most concerns author and reader goes on within Jeffrey himself. Possessed of a sense of history, he knows that a way of life is ending: the way in which Marge grew up, the spacious way of town and country houses, believed in unquestioningly and perfectly personified by Minot Roberts; represented decadently in its final phase by Beckie and Fred, with their Connecticut farmhouse on which they have spent a hundred thousand dollars, without, of course, doing one thing to spoil the quaint charm of the dear old place. He is convinced, too, that England is doomed unless the United States moves full-out into a shooting war. Yet he would like to go on managing, to the best of his ability, within the limits of the social system he has known. And he has a son of military age, for whom he wants no part of war. Jeff knows war. He flew in the last one, was shot down, and carried his observer to safety without realizing the man on his shoulder was dead before they reached their own lines. No, he wants no war for Jim. He has faith in the efforts that poets and propagandists and others make "to endow hideousness with some sort of rational beauty. You always tried to in war, that is, if you weren't in the front line, and God knows, perhaps you tried it then." So he is badly torn. But he is not self-deceived. He cannot help seeing clearly; as he sees in that crowded, noisy room, at that typical publisher's cocktail party:

> The people in that room were another page of history. They were the polite people, the intelligentsia on the verge of crisis, drifting towards it with the sensitive awareness of intelligentsia but without the power to change their courses one whit. They were the *salon* group in "War and Peace," they were Thackeray's dancers before Waterloo; they were the dinner guests of Petronius in "Quo Vadis." When Jeffrey thought of them in that light, it no longer mattered what they said. All the catchwords of the time, Fascist, Communist, Trotskyite, New Dealer, Conservative, Right Wing, Left Wing, Interventionist, Isolationist, Defeatist, Appeaser, Anglophile, America First, Defend America by Aiding the Allies, Lend-Lease, Lend your Neighbor a Hose When His House is Burning, Way of Life, the Yanks Aren't Coming, Keep America Out of War—all these smooth phrases failed to change the basic outline of the picture. They were the intelligentsia, drifting inevitably toward an unkown fact, and their awareness filled them with dread which they did not admit. They made half-articulate the mass realization growing up around him that nothing would be the same again—no matter what might happen, nothing. They were in a barrel, going over Niagara Falls, and they could not help it, because they were a page of history. . . .

Mr. Marquand's vision is, naturally, as clear as Jeffrey's and more comprehensive. The result is a novel exceptionally rich in human insights; a novel filled, as it were, with little mirrors in which the reader is constantly finding himself, his friends, and his acquaintances reflected and revealed. These little mirrors are, of course, an old Marquand attraction; but they are more abundant here than ever before. In fact, everything that a novelist could be expected to provide—characters, scenes, sights, sounds, thoughts, emotions, exteriors, interiors, furnishings of all kinds—is here provided with extraordinary lavishness. Sometimes, as when Minot puts his new hunter at a five-foot jump in a too small ring, one suspects that the



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"It's the 'Internationale.' Just mumble as though you know the words."

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author may be writing the scene (apposite and illustrative though it is) to prove that he can write just that sort of scene. But he does prove it, triumphantly. Sometimes, as when Mr. Marquand lingers in the company of busy Mr. Gorman, one feels that he may be drawing out a good thing too long. But it is a good thing.

Indeed, he gives and does so much that when I was half-way through the book I found myself asking if there was anything he couldn't do; and I found myself answering: He can make us smile, and make us laugh, and make us nod agreement, and make us think, and make us say, That's clever as the devil, and bring us up short with a shock of recognition—in fact, he can do almost anything but make us care. And then I went on with the book, and found that he could make us care, too. Care about the relationship of father and son, about Marianna and Jeffrey, about the play that Jeffrey tries to write, about a Jeffrey too old for war; about the sum of human effort—"a vanity of effort, a sadness of predestined failure"—recorded within the pages of this novel. For the sake of the whole novel, this caring comes perhaps a little late. But it comes at last. Jeffrey, trying to write his play in Marianna's beach house at Malibu, "felt very much like a commercial artist trying to paint a non-commercial picture." And the novel of which he is a part shows lingering touches of commercialism, but they are vestigial remains, unimportant in a book that confirms its author's growing literary importance.

Mr. Marquand is famous for his way with characters, and none of his books exhibits a fuller, more entertaining collection than does "So Little Time." He does not pin his characters on corks for us to study them, but holds them loosely in his hand and lets them wriggle around and be themselves; lets them work out their own damnation. Or so we think as we read; but, of course, it is all illusion. Each character is shaped and manipulated by a master, and there is really no damnation. There is no damnation because Mr. Marquand is that rarest of artists, a sympathetic satirist. He satirizes without damning. And it is fitting that the last words of this novel, so far his biggest and his best, should be: "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

The Gradual Emergence of John P. Marquand

As Reflected in Excerpts From SRL Reviews

"HE has written an exceedingly pleasant book about Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport—an uproarious, incredible story about a simple creature who tried desperately to have a good time and share it with others."

—MEADE MINNIGERODE, *October 17, 1925.*

"The wistful charm of 'Warning Hill' lies largely in the impressive characterization of the principal . . . a dreamy, serious child of seven. . . . Tommy lived in his family's dilapidated old home, his receptive imagination fascinated by visions of the mysterious world of wealth existing in the nearby colony of millionaires whose spacious country-houses adorned the region called Warning Hill. After once trespassing within, so profoundly stirred was Tommy by what he saw that the absorbing desire of his life became the attainment of his recognition as an equal by those aloof moneyed people. . . . But when he had grown up, achieving a fair measure of those aims . . . he still remained an alien and inferior. A simple, restrained, yet poignant story, it is told with rare and compelling consistency."

—*"The New Books," March 1, 1930.*

"Perhaps because Mr. Marquand makes money by writing, he has not been taken so seriously by critics as he deserves. 'Haven's End' is an admirable and entertaining history of three centuries of a New England town, done with great skill even though it is made up of a dozen short stories which had their magazine publication over a space of three or four years. If Hergesheimer, for instance, had done it, more dully and with an infinite cluttering of detail, it would perhaps be treated with some approach to the proper respect; and the mere fact that its author has not yet won the distinction that Hergesheimer earned by his early work should not deprive him of due recognition.

"'Living history' is a term worn threadbare by overuse, but that is precisely what this book is; sound history, with the ebb and flow of social, economic, and intellectual forces dramatized in generation after generation by the histories of authentic, salient, and spirited men and women."

—ELMER DAVIS, *August 26, 1933.*

"Mr. Marquand is a much poorer philosopher than Santayana, and a much better novelist. His book, 'The Late George Apley,' therefore makes better reading. I ask leave to assert that therefore also what it has to say about Boston is more profound. For whereas Santayana approached the stock of the Puritans by way of the theory of Puritanism, Mr. Marquand approaches them by way of their lives, relying on the Biblical assurance that by their fruits shall they be known. . . . It is an essay in a rare and difficult genre. It is satire, but it is satirical by indirection only; it is cast in a delicate irony, one that smiles, sympathizes, and almost forgives; it relies for effect entirely on tone, risking the indifference of the hard of hearing. For those who have some first-hand experience of its subject, it is crowded with delights, a continuous satisfaction that sometimes rises to ecstasy. It provokes that clear mirth of the mind which enjoys the finality of the hit and is the sharper because the heart answers the offence at which the blow is struck. So quietly done that it seems unpretentious, the book is an achievement of a high order.

"As a novel it is, except for the sentimental episodes associated with Mary Monahan, beautifully sustained—an achievement of great skill in an extremely difficult form. As Boston, it leaves much still to be said."

—BERNARD DE VOTO, *January 2, 1937.*

"'Think Fast, Mr. Moto': Dead-panned Nipponese secret-agent juggles deftly with death and saves family honor of wealthy white merchant. Slick villainy in exotic high-class Hawaiian gambling hell, a turbulent romance, and Moto officiating with blood-chilling *politesse.* Bonzai!"

—*"The Criminal Record," May 22, 1937.*

"It is obvious, with the publication of 'Wickford Point,' that our more heavy-browed literary critics are going to have to get out their pocket research-kits and start 'placing' Mr. Marquand in the field of the American novel. And some of the rest of us are going to sit back and enjoy the fun. For Mr. Marquand has broken all the rules of the game.

"I mean, the rules that are supposed to distinguish commercial from uncommercial writers. For, if you are what is known as a 'serious' writer, you may do hackwork on

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the side. You may even become a best seller or a Nobel Prizeman. That is all according to Hoyle. But, if you start in by making money out of the larger magazines, you must stay in the commercial field and out of American letters under penalty of being hit over the head with a couple of bound volumes of Bronson Alcott. And you are required, by law, to ring your little bell on your way back and forth to your leper-colony, so that all high-minded souls will be warned to get out of your way.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Marquand seems never to have heard of these distinctions. . . . He has been, for the last dozen years or more, a consistent and successful contributor of popular short stories and serials to *The Saturday Evening Post*. He is the creator of Mr. Moto—and also of the late George Apley. And now comes 'Wickford Point.' Hasn't the man any sense of the critical proprieties at all?

" 'Wickford Point' is the story of a long journey that keeps coming back to its starting-place and of the devastating power of a tradition from which the real life has departed. And the latter is one of the great New England themes—at least, south of the State of Maine. It was so in 'The House of Seven Gables'—it is so here. It is not a novel of plot but the story of the unavailing struggle of a group of characters against the soft fatality of the past.... The book is a study in spiritual dry-rot, no less skillful and compelling because it does not drag in the sheeted ghosts and the family curse. And it says a great deal for Mr. Marquand's skill that he has been able to retain the viewpoint of comedy, yet cut so deep.

"There are criticisms to be made. . . . Nevertheless, this is a notable and original novel, shrewd in characterization, richly quotable, and individual as all get out. I guess it really doesn't matter what a writer does first, as long as he happens to be a writer. And Mr. Marquand happens to be a real one."

—STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT, *March 18, 1939.*

"George [Apley, nephew of the original Mr. Apley] got to talking about fiction and Marquand and 'H. M. Pulham, Esquire.' 'Marquand is the Thackeray of our time,' he said. 'I don't mean he's as good as Thackeray, of course, but—well, he's got something that Thackeray had. And he's a little like Jane Austen, too. . . . I mean everything comes out all right in the end. Of course, Marquand makes fun of us and the inhibitions that Boston bred into us and all that sort of thing—of course, I don't think he knows the *real* Boston or the younger generation in Boston, who are as keen and lovely and aware of what's going on in the world as anybody in New York—but what I mean is — — I guess everybody's got a lost love somewhere in his life. Thackeray knew that. Marquand knows it, too. My God, that man knows too much. Somebody ought to stop him.... Boston may be stuffy and running down—I don't like Marquand's unsympathetic attitude towards us just because we want to get rid of Roosevelt. Sometimes I hate his guts for making fun of us. And then sometimes I get to laughing so I forget about everything else. Grace and I nearly rolled on the floor reading those bits about progressive schools. . . . Parts of that book are so true it hurts. I used to know a man just like Bo-jo Brown. . . . Well, anyway, I'm so damn sick of hearing that the latest literary masterpiece has got the dustbowl in it or the WPA or a rape case I'd cheer for Marquand just because he's civilized. Civilized. Let him make fun of us. We can take it. He's one of us, only he won't admit it.' 'What's his class?' I said. 'Harvard '15,' he said. 'They ought to give him an honorary degree.' " —HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, *February 22, 1941.*

Scraping the Bottom of Southern Life

AT HEAVEN'S GATE. By Robert Penn Warren. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 391 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THROUGH two stories which run through all the most scabrous aspects of Southern life to a common melodramatic ending in death, suicide, and evil still arrogant, Robert Penn Warren has written a book which seems certainly more a study of all the beastliness of which man is capable than of the region in which beastliness is described.

All the dumb badness, arrogant unscrupulousness, and simple-minded and mistaken wickedness which Mr. Warren presents could have taken place in the Southern city of Sue Murdock and on the long Southern roads of Ashby Wyndham's preaching and seeking. In the Lord's name Ashby sought his brother whom he had wronged. Sue moved downward in a process of stubborn escape from her rich and unscrupulous father. The traveling ministry of little Ashby and Sue's descent through drunkenness and immorality to death not only add up as parts of the same malicious world, they also make it possible for Mr. Warren to describe the unpleasant attributes of a variety of people of all classes and points of view.

Somehow there seems little difference basically between the banker who was ready to use the football star and the war hero to corrupt a State and the labor leader whose past included beating a mulatto prostitute out of her pay. Brutality is not restricted to the police who pushed around the little preacher and the prostitute he had saved from sin. The intellectual and the bond salesman are together in a pattern of evil. Big house and shanty-boat, degenerate's hideout and hero's farm are all places for parts in the same pattern.

Robert Penn Warren writes of evil and preoccupation with evil.

I must admit myself not exactly sure what this book is supposed to say. Mr. Warren has too much skill and sensitiveness to be intent merely upon writing a dirty book. The poet in him moves splendidly sometimes in his prose. There are characters in his book who are as real as Tennessee itself. Ashby Wyndham's long ungrammatical epistle is almost perfect in its unconscious humor and sadness side by side. But the book as a whole is almost a melodrama of malignancy. It is not a novel of the South but of evil and preoccupation with evil. More than anything else it seems a modern, educated version of the hell fire and damnation sermon of the hard Protestant evangelist crying that this is a world of sin and shame. Only the promise of salvation at the end of the evangelist's sermon is somehow left out. Mr. Warren's world is a bad one and Heaven's gate—if there is any Heaven beyond it—is deliberately nailed shut.

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It Might Have Been Germany

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE CARPENTERS. By Hermann Borchardt. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 623 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

I AM afraid that Dr. Borchardt with the best intentions in the world has given a public, hungry for bread, a stone, and a large one at that. I say this with the utmost reluctance, for not only is Dr. Borchardt a distinguished scholar, but he is an implacable enemy of the Nazi regime and a refugee from it. For five years he has been living in this country and before that he was in three of Hitler's concentration camps. A history such as this entitles a man, especially one of German nationality, to the utmost respect and understanding. By the same token, one has a right to expect from such a man an illumination of some kind. Instead of which, Dr. Borchardt gives us a huge Gothic politico-economic treatise, a plea for a return to medieval theocratic authoritarianism and trade-guilds that not only make one wonder why it was cast in the form of a novel, but which has about as much relation to modern problems as a knight in armor.

Franz Werfel in his Foreword decides that "The Conspiracy of the Carpenters" is "not only a great novel but an important political work, a myriad-figured, fantastic, and precise vision" and the publishers in their preview say: "This book is essentially almost exclusively a novel of action. A rich picaresque story with scores of characters and hundreds of incidents. . . . The action takes place about forty years ago in a country that might have been Germany—but isn't. And it has to do with a false Messiah who might have been—but wasn't—Hitler." Franz Werfel, explaining Dr. Borchardt's thesis, describes it as follows:

> The author begins by leading us into a world already on the brink of an abyss. The conservative forces of society, however, are not yet broken. They are embodied in the strongest characters of the book—Adam Faust, the President of the Republic, Augustus Beyer, his successor, the bishops, mine owners, and banker princes. But the torrent of mud, the bog, is already sweeping onward.
>
> Whereas almost all modern literature does homage to determinism, portraying man as the puppet of social and economic "natural laws," our author is an indomitable devotee of free will. He pronounces guilty and lays bare the roots of this guilt. One root lies in the fact that the conservative forces of society have lost faith in themselves and are some of them coming to terms with their murderers. The other lies in the false doctrine that has for decades been flooding the country.
>
> That doctrine desecrates man by professing to consecrate him. Dr. Urban, the false Messiah, persuades his followers that they are inocent victims of an unjust social order who must "unite." He turns the vague humanitarianism of the liberals into inhuman radicalism.
>
> But Urban never achieves the triumph in Dr. Borchardt's mythical country that Hitler achieved in Germany. For in Dr. Borchardt's mythical country the conservative forces organize themselves in time. The leaders of the country follow a set of fixed Christian principles. (*Sic!* The interjection is mine.) They encourage a secret "League of Carpenters" that forestalls the Urbanites. They establish at last a genuinely religious conservative commonwealth.

Once again, *sic!*

Had Franz Werfel left out the adjective "conservative" one might be more sympathetic if not any more convinced, although the use of the phrase "a set of fixed Christian principles," considering the complete lack of agreement in this respect among Christians, would leave the sympathy still suspended in thin air. One is tempted to add, and so the princess married the prince, and they lived happily ever afterward.

This then, this belief in economic and social determinism, this belief that man is a puppet in the face of economic and social "natural laws" he cannot control, is, according to Franz Werfel and Dr. Borchardt, and Dr. Borchardt's publishers, "the central heresy" of today; a "heresy that happens to have gone further in Germany than in any other country. Adolph Hitler happens to embody it more than any other man. But the heresy is bigger than Germany or Hitler; its roots extend back into the past before the time of Hitler; they have also reached out far beyond Germany to other regions of the world," and the cure for this heresy is a return to the Middle Ages and the re-acceptance of feudal and theocratic "natural laws" it took man hundreds of years of bloody fighting to be rid of. In other words, in getting rid of one fallacy, man substitutes another, and not only that, but a fallacy long tried and found worthless.

So far as I am concerned, I am confused, embarrassed, and somewhat breathless.

I would like to ask a few questions.

In the first place, just where does Dr. Borchardt find this "central heresy"; this belief that man is a puppet in the face of social and economic "natural laws"? In the democracies? And where in English or American writing does he find any important "homage" to this heresy? In the second place, just who are "the murderers" with whom the conservative forces of society have come to terms wherever they have done so? In the third place, why does it "desecrate" man to wish to be a man and to admit that social, economic, and political conditions can be improved? And in the fourth place, what has the symbolism of "The Conspiracy of the Carpenters" to do with Hitler and Nazism? If "The Conspiracy of the Carpenters" is a symbolic description of the aims and the rise of National Socialism in Germany, then everything I have read on the subject, and I have read voluminously, is malicious gossip, and we are fighting at the moment not the enemies of our ideals and institutions but fellow-democrats led by men in substantial agreement with Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham

—*From "Divide and Conquer."*

"Is man a puppet before the state?"

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Lincoln, and the milder and more constructive French Revolutionists—Mirabeau, let us say, and Lafayette.

I AM afraid that Dr. Borchardt's book and Franz Werfel's foreword are examples of the regrettable and frequently exhibited fact that it takes years for the European mind to understand the United States, if ever. We do not like the idea of "a religious conservative commonwealth" run by "bishops, mine owners, and banker princes." We shudder at such a vision. And the curious and paradoxical truth is that, with the exception of a handful who are suffering from financial and social senile dementia, the vast majority of our bishops, mine owners, and banker princes feel exactly the same way, no matter how carelessly at moments they may speak. They would dislike Adam Faust, President of Dr. Borchardt's mythical republic, and his followers just as much as they would dislike Adolf Hitler, and they wouldn't understand him one whit better.

The "central heresy" and the leading danger of this country has never been a belief in economic and social determinism. Nothing is more repugnant to the average American mind. This country's "central heresy," if it has one, is the traditional and obstinate belief, shared by all classes, and this despite vast economic and social changes, that opportunity is still open to "any honest and hard working man," and that failure is still exclusively the fault of the individual. The average American, big and little, still believes in *laissez faire* and the devil take the hindmost, and behind this smokescreen move many cold-eyed citizens wearing little American flags in their buttonholes and carrying in their hands flags emblazoned with the slogans "Individual Initiative" and "The American Way of Life."

Economic and social determinism put into simple language means no more than environment; free-will, similarly treated, means no more than man's attempt to better that environment and seek God, both ultimate necessities. But the way must be made open to him and kept open, and why either determinism or free-will should be emphasized to the exclusion of the other has always puzzled be. It would seem to me action and reaction between the two, resulting in a fifty-fifty compromise, is what spells progress. Speed is the nature of a horse, but if you do not feed him properly, and you do not train him properly, and if you handicap him with undue weight, inevitably he is far behind in the field.

Dr. Borchardt's thesis is not a new one and despite a direct attack upon Nazism toward the end of the book, which, to my mind, only adds to the confusion, leads inescapably to a sort of romantic Fascism. Fundamentally, it means no more than that every man shall keep to his appointed place in his duly appointed class, and worship God, and leave everything else to his betters; a very lovely theory for "the betters." Hilaire Belloc stated this thesis brilliantly and definitively in his "The Servile State," it is less well stated daily and Sundays in a large section of the American press. Its basis is a dislike of the present, a fear of the future, and a belief in "a Golden Past." But if Mr. Spangler, or any other reactionary, opens "The Conspiracy of the Carpenters" under the illusion that he will find a thrilling exposition of what he lives by, he will be disappointed. The mere statement and introduction of a bewildering number of characters, and the mere statement of incident after incident do not necessarily make "a novel of action." A thousand people in a public square listening to an oration are a lot of people, and each individual is a microcosm of incident, past, present, and to be, but unless something moving happens at the moment, they remain just a lot of people listening in a square.

Meanwhile, the conservative forces in America have by no means, unfortunately, lost faith in themselves—we are still a vigorous and obstinate people, especially in our ignorances. Meanwhile, throughout history there have been just as many honest tribunes of the people as dishonest ones. Meanwhile, Christ did not think it "desecrated" man to "consecrate" him by discussing his political, social, economic, and spiritual disabilities. And meanwhile, for the moment at least, the result of much testimony and suffering, there has come into the minds of men something new, something sensible; nothing less than a coalescence of, an adjudication between, the two ideas we have been discussing. Ideas supposed to be, until recently, antagonistic.

For the moment, at least, the majority of men and women realize that determinism, or, in other words, environment and free-will or man's spirit, are equal parts of a whole, and that one without the other will not work. They are also coming to the conclusion that "the whole" may possibly be at long last Christianity. The iron is hot. The forge is waiting. For God's sake let's get about it without too much interruption.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LINES THAT PRECEDE FAMOUS LINES

Quoted below are lines from 20 well-known poems which have the distinction of immediately preceding lines that are familiar to all. Can you quote the lines that follow these? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 32.

1. What I aspired to be, And was not, comforts me. . . .
2. My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream. . . .
3. Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
   Or the car rattling o'er the stony street. . . .
4. He went like one that hath been stunned, And is of sense forlorn. . . .
5. But I was desolate and sick of an old passion
   When I awoke and found the dawn was gray. . . .
6. Some for the Glories of This World; and some
   Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come. . . .
7. Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway. . . .
8. All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
   Awaits alike the inevitable hour. . . .
9. It matters not how strait the gate,
   How charged with punishments the scroll. . . .
10. Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
    Say that health and wealth have missed me. . . .
11. They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away. . . .
12. Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
    Of the North Church tower as a signal light. . . .
13. Thousands at his bidding speed,
    And post o'er land and ocean without rest. . . .
14. Look for me by moonlight, Watch for me by moonlight. . . .
15. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan. . . .
16. She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
17. Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
18. Our sincerest laughter With some pain is fraught. . . .
19. "Why, that I cannot tell," said he. . . .
20. In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove.

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Tradition or Superstition?

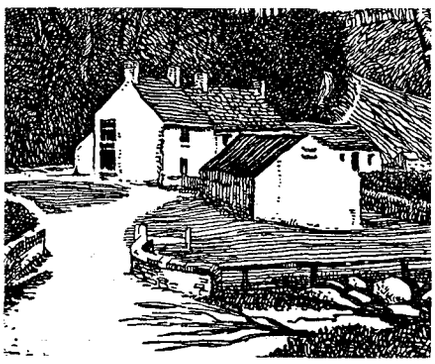
THE THIRD-TERM TRADITION: Its Rise and Collapse in American Politics. By Charles W. Stein. New York: Columbia University Press. 1943. 382 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE scholarly, always lucid, and frequently eloquent work of Mr. Stein is a contribution to American political history that commands admiration whether one chooses to put first the style of the writer, the diligence of the investigator, or the objectivity of the historian. Mr. Stein has written of a dull subject in an extraordinarily lively fashion; he has handled a formidable mass of material with care and apparently with thoroughness; he has written of the furies of partisanship with unwavering good temper. His book is a refutation of the heresy that history, to be accurate, must be unreadable.

And yet while this author's competence as a writer and an investigator is beyond question, and while he approaches his problem in the spirit that befits a historian, one is left with the impression that as a logician he fell into the error of failing to scrutinize his original premise with sufficient care. Mr. Stein is well aware that there is no third-term tradition —to be exact, one should say no anti-third-term tradition—now, and that he is therefore, in some sense, flogging a dead horse in discussing it. But he assumes that one did exist "as a purposeful precedent in the early years of the Republic."

That there was a gentlemen's agreement among politicians that none of their number should be permitted to hold the office of President of the United States longer than eight years is a matter of common knowledge. But that the people ever approved or accepted this agreement is open to question. On Mr. Stein's own showing there were in the first hundred years of our national existence about 125 efforts to change the term of the President, and of these about ninety denied his re-eligibility. Within the next forty years, again on his own showing, there were eighty-five more efforts. That is to say, politicians attempted to write this theory into law 175 times in 140 years, and every attempt failed. Does that indicate that it had any popular support?



Eventually the question was referred directly to the people. But the appeal was carried to them by a candidate who had been rejected by his own party, had thereupon bolted and had formed a third party which went into the election with a scratch organization, overloaded with fanatics and with dubious financial "angels" —about as hopeless a political project as can be imagined. Yet even under these handicaps the third-term candidate received more votes, both popular and electoral, than the regular candidate.

Finally, when the issue was presented by a regular candidate of one of the two big parties, he was elected by a majority of five million, and that against an able and popular opponent.

As for Grant, he was beaten in the convention by a series of highly complicated political manoeuvres with which the people had nothing whatever to do. Moreover, he had given the country the most scandalous administration ever heard of up to that time; if he had been defeated in the election his defeat would have been easily explicable on other grounds than popular opposition to a third term.

There is, in short, no convincing evidence that such opposition ever existed. Why should it? The people do not distrust themselves, and opposition to a third term is based, as Mr. Stein admits, on one's answer to the question, "how far may the people be trusted?"

Even Jefferson did not trust them to resist forever the seductions of monarchy, which accounts for his opposition to a third term. Mr. Stein has small fear that a Hanoverian prince will ever be called to an American throne, but he is plainly uneasy about a possible *Führer* and for that reason regrets the demolition of the supposed tradition. But, if the American electorate has degenerated to the point at which it can be bought or browbeaten, democracy has already failed and the process by which its remnants are mopped up would appear to be of rather small importance. We are either freemen or we are lackeys; and, if we are lackeys, why not have a Hitler? It is what lackeys deserve.

Two Institutions

KANSAS IRISH. By Charles B. Driscoll. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 359 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL I. WELLMAN

IN the manner that formulists believe that anything on the subject of doctors or dogs has an unfailing fascination for the reading public, there are two subjects which seem to stir perennial curiosity—perhaps because of the curious eccentricities inherent in both of them—the State of Kansas, and the Irish.

By uniting the two in one title, Charles B. Driscoll has succeeded in producing a somewhat arresting effect, because the two subjects seem inharmonious. Kansas, the abode—to the average mind—of transplanted strait-laced Cape Codders, appears to be strange soil for the growth of anything so mercurial and filled with tumbling passion as the family of an Irish immigrant.

But the very conflicts and contrasts between Hibernian Catholicism and blue-nosed Kansas Protestantism make "Kansas Irish" a diverting book to read.

Mr. Driscoll is known to a wide audience of readers through his newspaper columns and through previous books. This reminiscent account of the life of his own family, at Wichita, Kans., when the plains first were populated, seems to me, however, to be the best thing he has yet written.

He tells, with detachment, humor, and understanding, the story of his illiterate immigrant Irish father, "Big Flurry" Driscoll, who came to this country to make himself a home. A giant in strength, given to unpredictable fits of almost pathological anger, with a stubborn innate honesty, and strange old-world concepts which made living with him a tragic *via dolorosa* for his patient wife, "Himself," as his family called him, furnishes a fascinating study in apparent contradictions. The contradictions, however, are only apparent. Mr. Driscoll makes Big Flurry consistent and logical in the course of his book. A potent counter-

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weight to the roaring master of the Driscoll house is Ellen Driscoll, the wife and mother. To the Irishman's undisciplined strength and unreasonable temper, she opposes calmness and quiet determination. The life together of this ill-assorted couple is the main thread of the story, leading right down to the inevitable and tragic break-up between their unmated souls.

In telling his story, Mr. Driscoll weaves in an immense amount of entertaining anecdote, some of it exciting, much of it humorous, and a rich background of description of the mechanics, habits, views, and social customs of life in that early generation. It is interesting to see how, even in telling the most amazingly intemperate actions of his father, the author never loses his respect, affection, and subtle understanding of what made the old Irishman behave that way.

As a record of pioneer life and a skillful piece of character development, as well as for the entertainment and information contained in it, "Kansas Irish" is recommended reading.

Rediscovery of Burckhardt

FORCE AND FREEDOM: REFLECTIONS ON HISTORY. By Jacob Burckhardt. New York: Pantheon Books. 1943. 382 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by RUDOLF FLESCH

A TIME of crisis is the prophets' busy season. No wonder, then, that publishers are putting out editions of Nostradamus by the dozen and follow up with all kinds of seers from Homer Lea to Oswald Spengler. Now Pantheon Books, a new publishing house, has rediscovered Jacob Burckhardt's "Reflections on History," written in 1868, and is offering them in a beautifully printed volume with a splendid 76-page introduction by James Hastings Nichols.

Burckhardt, of course, was the famous Swiss historian who wrote the "Cicerone" and the "Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy." The present work is a series of lecture notes, posthumously collected and published, and worth reading indeed for anyone who knows the fascination of historical generalizations and parallels—and who doesn't? However, let me forewarn those who look for predictions: in spite of the publisher's and editor's endeavor to "bill" Burckhardt as a prophet, he turns out to be too wise for such business. "To know the future," he says, "is no more desirable in the life of mankind than in the life of the individual. And our astrological impatience for such knowledge is sheer folly. . . ." Here we have one of those rare historians who refuse allegiance to any kind of historical determinism, be it the romantic belief in the birth and death of civilizations, or the optimistic faith in a never-ending spiral of progress. Burckhardt, in other words, believed in freedom. And though he had an aristocratic aversion for the forces let loose by the French Revolution, and a clear conception of the dangers besetting our present civilization, he did not think that final disaster was inevitable. He did foresee that "the boundaries between state and society will be established for generations to come, and by the state. The wars still to be fought will do their share in consolidating this situation. The state itself is assuming a physiognomy of such a kind that no other mentality will have power over it for a very long time."

The reader, then, may take this volume for what it really is; lecture notes, not meant for publication, set down in rather cryptic outlines and heavy academic German, which shows even through the careful translation; written from a point of view that is rather alien to the contemporary American. But his reward will be a guided tour through the history of civilization, and scores of provocative epigrams like this: "The Periclean Age in Athens was in every sense of the word an age in which any peaceful and prudent citizen of our time would refuse to live . . ." or this: "The small state exists so that there may be a spot on earth where the largest possible proportion of inhabitants are citizens in the fullest sense of the word."

As to prophecy, here is a free tip to publishers: Why not issue a collection of all those astonishing predictions by Burckhardt's friend and disciple, Nietzsche?

Jacob Burckhardt

Eugénie

THE INNOCENT EMPRESS. By Erna Barschak. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1943. 346 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

"INNOCENT" as an adjective to describe the Empress Eugénie is hardly a just word. Taken in its root meaning, it can hardly apply to the lady who, on more than one occasion, used her personal influence to further policies definitely harmful both to France and her husband. Of its derivative and secondary meanings, "guileless" is perhaps the most usual, but that too seems inappropriate to her Pamela-like behavior during Louis Napoleon's courtship. "Ignorant" is another and less common meaning, but Eugénie does not deserve that either. It is difficult to see exactly what Miss Barschak does mean by the somewhat careless title. Eugénie had great personal charm. Countless memoirs and contemporary allusions attest to that. And she was distinctively, even spectacularly, feminine. Her superstitions, her sudden likes and dislikes, her phrenetic bursts of temper, her wilful ambitions were all magnificently feminine in their illogicality. Throughout her long career she retained something of the caprice, the irresponsibility, of the adolescent girl. It was this girlish unreason which constituted half her charm, and it is perhaps that charm which the title attempts to suggest by "innocent."

Miss Barschak, in this biography, has developed no strikingly original interpretation of Eugénie's character, and has presented no subtle revaluation of her social and historic importance. Nor has she told Eugénie's story, which for all its anticlimaxes has considerable dramatic quality, with that feeling for suspense which can give to some biographies the excitement of a novel. She has, however, with commendable industry combed through the masses of contemporary materials, and incorporated her findings into a narrative which is neatly organized and factually accurate. It does not exaggerate its heroine's potentialities, or minimize her faults. It strives to portray her intimately, but it achieves only that kind of intimacy which comes from anecdotes at second-hand.

Because of a shortage in SRL's usual India-tint paper stock, the present issue (and possibly several others to follow) is published on cream-tinted stock. Readers' reactions to the new paper are invited by the editors, who are considering changing to it as a permanent matter.

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The New Poetry

A GENERATION RISEN. By John Masefield and Edward Seago. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 72 *pp.* $3.

CHALLENGE. By Wilfrid Gibson. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. 41 *pp.* $1.

THE HEALING OF THE WATERS. By Amos N. Wilder. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 89 *pp.* $1.75.

BLIND DAWN. By Stanley Kidder Wilson. New York: Columbia University Press. 1942. 42 *pp.* $1.50.

RIND OF EARTH. By August Derleth. The Press of James A. Decker, Prairie City, Illinois. 1942. 148 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ABOUT seven years ago the enlarged and illustrated "Salt-Water Poems and Ballads" of John Masefield was again reissued, the first reissue of ten years before having gone into six printings. That book, that Charles Pears embellished with color and line, contained such early salt-water ballads by the Poet Laureate as "The Yarn of the 'Loch Achray'" and "The Tarry Buccaneer," good sea songs all of them, together with later sea pictures including the amazing ones from "Dauber," and poems written later like the unforgettable one about the lead-picker in "The River." I remember when we—to our sore hurt—passed up "Dauber" for *The Century Magazine* (despite my young but enthusiastic championship) and when we printed "The River." That's a long way from the present book, "A Generation Risen," which Masefield has written with and for the pictures of Edward Seago, and two world wars lie between. The short poems, and long, of the present book tell of the present World War. They are pretty prosaic compared with the work of the Masefield of old. Yet, they can move you to the heroisms of the present time. When Masefield began to publish, the great bombing airplane of today was still in the womb of things to come. So was the armored tank. Today he writes of them with amazement, for the strange monsters they are, yet "the great grey roaring thing" of the skies reminds him of the beauty of ships and the service men render such. His poem on "The Ground Staff" is one of the longest. He writes also of soldiers' farewells, of tanks in the snow, of reconnaissance pilots, of mine sweeper and convoy, and of the fine work of ambulance girls and women workers on the land. The change that has come over workers on the land inspires one of his best passages:

Yet everywhere Man honors those who bleed us
To death and worse, rather than those who feed us.
Who has not seen the ploughman footing slow
Back to the den men gave him here below;
A ragged man, unused to hope or praise,
A muck-conscripted helot all his days,
His loutish children, savage, cruel, dense,
Lousy from want of water and of pence;
His prospect, to endure while toiling tamed him
Season by season till the workhouse claimed him;
This, while the politicians and their friends
Debated blather over the week-ends.
Still, when disaster threatens, nations strive
To mend old errors and to keep alive.

For all his honors, and well-deserved, Masefield has not foresworn his trust as the poet of the people. Neither has Wilfrid Gibson, another almost *revenant* from the days of the Georgians who has written about his second war in "The Alert" and now in "Challenge." His small new books are full of vivid things, of the horrors of war and of the heroisms. Here is a stark etching:

Within the stranded tank
Deep-buried in a drift
The frozen corpses sit
As white swirls silt and sift
Over the treacherous pit
In which at last they sank,
Obliterating it.

—*Woodcut by H. Glintenkamp*

Amos Niven Wilder, the talented brother of Thornton Wilder, who gave us a while ago that interesting prose volume, "The Spiritual Aspects of Poetry," writes poetry of a distinctly spiritual cast and of grave contemplation. "The Healing of the Waters" contains new poems, together with certain poems from former books of his. His style is a trifle antique, in general, but this excerpt from a poem to his famous brother, called "Homage," illustrates his language at its best:

To those who offer themselves willingly in the day of decision.
In the great arbitrament,
Who are prompt at the gate,
And who present themselves foremost at the fords of Megiddo,
And take their stations at the narrow issues:
Theirs are the great jeopardies, the necessary role, the memorable name,
Their encounter is with the heart of darkness. . .

In a language both distinctly personal and also here and there reviving some of the worst niggling of the Browningesque idiom, Stanley Kidder Wilson has produced a marriage poem with distinct claims to originality. "Blind Dawn" is written from the husband to the wife, starting as a birthday tribute and turning into an analysis of the course of their marriage, which reveals a return of ardor on the part of the husband fearful of its reception by its object after years of raising a family and the inevitable dulling of original romance. This is a human situation little treated by poets, and Mr. Wilson distinctly "has something" in his theme. The trouble with the style is often that he shifts from one metaphor to another with bewildering haste, leaps from the traditional line to the modernistic one, not to say pure slang, with confusing agility; yet, in the end, he has produced a life story of not inconsiderable freshness and charm.

The poetry of August Derleth, a versatile and voluminous poet from Sac Prairie, often reminds of improvisation upon the piano. This particular book is dedicated to Archibald MacLeish, and is thoroughly American in grain. The poem about the young men in "Yesterday, Tomorrow, Always," the train in "Transcontinental," "River Going By," the American myths in "Raftsman, Lumberjack," the poem about the radio, such things as these not only have flowing theme-molded rhythm, but close observation and the pulse of life. Sometimes I think Mr. Derleth may be too musical for his own good, but, in a day when so few poets seem to give the actual movement of a poem any attention, he restores an element that was badly needed.

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A NEW "HIGHER" EDUCATION

ALMOST anyone who goes to the movies at all, no matter how infrequently, must by this time have seen some of the many pictures, so realistic, so moving, so striking, which depict the American soldier not at the business of warfare itself but in the diversified activities incidental to it. "Here are our young barbarians," no longer at play, no longer careless or carefree, but girding themselves with nicest precision to insure the smooth operation of a gigantic military enterprise. Here they are, discovering a variety of aptitudes of which no one would have supposed them possessed, exercising a mechanical skill which apparently needed but direction to prove its existence even in city-bred youth, and performing a hundred and one complicated feats, utterly removed from their usual routine, with neatness and dispatch.

The American, of course, has long enjoyed a reputation for ingenuity and "handiness." He came by his inventiveness and his manual adroitness naturally enough in the hazardous years of his pioneering experience when very existence hung on ability to convert the material of environment into the sinews of living and when comfort sprang only from the settler's facility in supplying it. Far removed though he is in the mechanized civilization of the present from the demands on his skill of backwoods days, he still retains the resourcefulness then developed, the manual dexterity which manifested itself in earlier times in contriving the means of convenient living in a wilderness and in later years has made the American small boy a valuable aid in the development of radio and placed the American man in the forefront of inventors.

But hitherto the average American's technical proclivities have been haphazard, not instructed. Now, as is abundantly evident in the following pages devoted to military and technical books, the nation is suddenly going to school in the crafts, in the army and out of it, on a scale and with an exactitude never before known to it. Hundreds of thousands who never handled a tool or knew the working of a machine or understood the myriad operations involved in transporting material from one place to another are getting specialized instruction. And it is not the men alone who are developing manual skills. In factories and laboratories throughout the country, women and girls are performing intricate mechanical operations and performing them with proficiency. One of the great problems indeed of the post-war period will be what to do with the army of women who have gone from the home into industry and who will find their expertness no longer in demand once that peace has been made. How can their skill be canalized into channels that will continue to bear fruit? And how can the trained aptitudes of their men who have been in the fighting forces be continued in useful ways?

Sociologists and social reformers have talked much in recent years of a society in which hours of labor and the standard of living will be such as to release energies for extra-work activities. A consummation devoutly to be wished for, of course, but one which nevertheless precipitates a problem. For leisure is not productive of morale unless it can be fruitfully used, and while there will always be groups and individuals who will find through it the possibility of indulgence in hobbies, studies, travel, or even merely widened social intercourse there will be enormously greater numbers who have neither the habit of interest nor the intellectual resources to occupy their spare time. Leisure is not of necessity an unmixed blessing, and that society is wise which buttresses itself against its potential disadvantages by a variety of programs for its use. The development of musical opportunities in the United States within late years, the spreading interest in community singing and orchestras, the increase in the number of museums in the country and the consequent growth of interest in art, the radio forums of the air and the incipient movement toward a restoration of the once general town meetings—all these are admirable bases for the fruitful use of possible leisure.

Perhaps the new aptitudes being developed under military necessity will prove another and a broader springboard to employment of free time. In them, it would seem, lies an infinite possibility. Their range is wide, their variety such that the skill developed in them can frequently be turned to the uses of the home and the community, and their pertinence to the manner of our living is immediate and real. In earlier societies the working man wrought with careful pains the minutiae of his trade, and there still exists in profusion the lovely products of his handiwork. It may well be that even in this age of mass production and machine-made goods something of the individuality and the beauty that marked that bygone time can be reintroduced into our civilization by the millions of men and women who carry over into their hours of leisure the skill developed under abnormal conditions. Then indeed would leisure be justified of its possibilities.

A. L.

Even in Time of War, Think of Art

By Elizabeth K. Phelps Stokes

IN time of war, think of art
As world harvest through the ages
Of passion fruit whose vital heart
Outlives fighting men and sages,
Even in time of war, think of art
As ecstasies of lonely hands
Near to heritage, yet far apart
From the boundaries of lands,
Ecstasies that lift by their power
Man from his plough and cart
And fill a wildly longing hour
With as deep and lusty a roar
And sharp and exquisite a dart
As from the boiling blood of war,
Even in time of war, think of art.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

B. C. Draws a Bye

SIR: Hendrik Willem van Loon speaks the truth when he says there are no drug stores along our orbits, nor have we been strolling together for a long, long time; so that the Bennett Cerf incident must have happened to a couple of other respectable-looking burghers. Unless—

Maybe it wasn't supposed to be true at all!

I have been closely watching Bennett burgeon as a columnist. Dick Simon and I agreed the other day that he is our favorite perpendicular entertainer at the moment. I think his great success has been as much a surprise to him as to us. He probably has been shocked by the realization that anybody can be a publisher and that good writers, good columnists, are miraculous accidents.

I suspect that Bennett began taking his columning more seriously, and began studying the great column artists of the past. Heywood Broun seemed to be his pattern for awhile, then I noticed a dash of F.P.A. and a pinch of Chris Morley. Then, Hendrik, this invention of an anecdote involving you and me, and with crystal clearness I saw O. O. McIntyre coming out in Bennett.

In the pre-LaGuardia days the ubiquitous O. O. McIntyre column advertised me once or twice annually as the champion fire buff of New York. The truth is that, having been a lazy newspaperman for twenty years, I avoided (and avoid) all fires and public disturbances, including cocktail teas.

But, like Hendrik, I don't mind a good swig of Carbona now and then. It cleans you out.

GEORGE T. BYE.

New Canaan, Conn.

World Language

SIR: Mr. Wells's perfervid plea for monoglotism reminds me of the old story about the two shipping clerks. The first one said to the second one, "Gee, how I hate the tango!" and the second one said to the first one, "Yep, I can't dance it either." And now I will be good and I won't write you a letter for weeks and weeks and weeks.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

Old Greenwich, Conn.

SIR: Mr. Wells stirs the soul of some, like myself, who have had part in the conquest of the American high plains, with sense of greater destiny for the English-speaking world.

Speech follows the flag. The Greek, the Latin, the Arab carried their language where their armies marched to victory. They left the vanguished tribes speaking their rude dialects to each other in their unlettered villages. But they made the victorious language dominant in each area where their arms triumphed.

Already the English-speaking adventurer, frontiersman, and trader have possessed the strategic regions around the world. When the new world government is set up, English-speaking statesmen, engineers, workers, and organizers will be leaders in every unit of the great confederation. No other language will be so widely spoken and read in so many places around the circle of the planet. No other language, composite of so many cultures, will be so well adapted to use in the business, the science, the law, the literature, of a world people.

ADDISON E. SHELDON.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

SIR: As he pokes fun at the international auxiliary language idea, Mr. H. G. Wells phrases some propositions in ways which seem questionable logically. Thus his recent article begins, "Shall we have a world language?" To this query one can rightly reply, "Even now we have at least three world languages, English, French and —we dare assert—Esperanto."

In spite of having less than the thirty-nine letter alphabet which the English author says is prerequisite to making international language a "bare possibility," Esperanto lives, grows and serves those who care to use it. Spoken and written by thousands of both scholars and plain people the world around, it is as much a reality as shorthand, the metric system, or the Universal Postal Union.

Conceivably humanity might use Basic English, French, Spanish or what you will. Today, however, men long for a world free from tyranny or unfair advantage for any *Herrenvolk*. Would it not be a little less than democratic for us to oppose economic imperialism and yet endorse the linguistic imperialism of having our own national idiom dominate the speech of the globe? A neutral language seems more in keeping with the international mind.

Mr. Wells suggests that perhaps mankind may some day have a "universal uninflected world 'pigeon' speech." He then insinuates that Esperanto is such a pigeon affair. One wonders if he has ever given an hour of serious attention to the work of Zamenhof. If so, how can he fail to know that Esperanto is a complete, inflected language, which not a few philologists regard as a delicate and beautiful idiom?

Yes, many persons gladly accept Mr. Wells's challenge to "Esperant." One can get a working knowledge of the auxiliary language in perhaps one-fourth the time needed to learn the easiest national tongue. Esperanto is international in vocabulary and simple in grammar. It is far more flexible than is either English or French. In many lands those who know find Esperanto fully satisfactory for all purposes of international communication.

One could write a large volume setting forth the good uses to which Esperanto has already been put in all quarters of the planet. However, says Mr. Wells, "I dislike and despise the idea . . ." Esperantists must respect the author's liberty to feel as he will. As for the appeal to "melud the Public," the verdict is clear. In spite of persecutions and good-natured contempt of some uninformed liberals, Esperanto lives and quietly grows.

EDWIN L. CLARKE.

Winter Park, Fla.

"She left me this morning. And to think I've given her the best fiscal years of my life."

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TRADE Winds

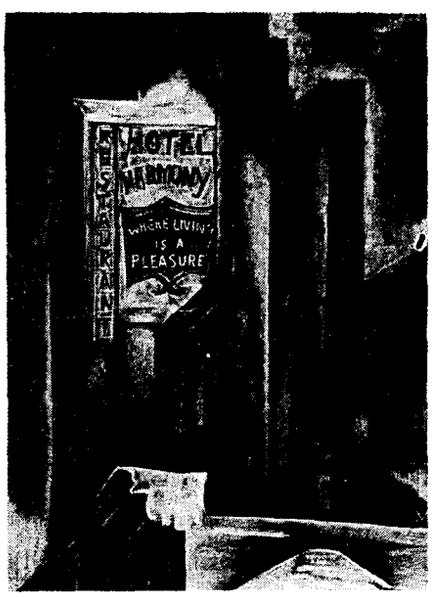
BOOK PUBLISHERS who are worrying about paper supply for their important Fall publications are not too deeply impressed with the advertising matter that some of the newspapers persist in sending them. These mailings usually arrive in containers so big that they must be brought into the office sideways. Unwrapped after some effort, they disclose a lithograph of horses in a field, or Benjamin Franklin drinking a glass of beer, or a swan scratching itself, with accompanying complicated graphs which prove conclusively that, with garbage collectors in Oshkosh, it's the Daily Dinkus six-to-one. The next time a newspaper wants to tell me that it runs more want-ads in one issue than there are Japanese beetles in New Jersey, I hope they'll at least set forth the facts on a blotter or a package of pipe cleaners. . . .

HOLLYWOOD . . . . Casting: for the role of Wendell Willkie in the Twentieth Century-Fox production of "One World": Spencer Tracy; for the Ambassador's daughter in the screen version of Martha Dodd's "Through Embassy Eyes": Anne Baxter, just about the cutest trick uncovered by the West Coast in the past five years. . . . Trade Winds spotted Miss Baxter first in "The Pied Piper," approved of her again in "Five Graves to Cairo," and signed on the dotted line when she appeared in technicolor in "Crash Dive." Bad timing for the latter picture let me in for the last twenty minutes of something called "The Great Gildersleeve," which shouldn't happen to Hitler. . . . RKO has bought the film rights to Richard Llewellyn's forthcoming "None But the Lonely Heart." The picture adaptation has been entrusted to no less a personage than Clifford Odets. . . . Hollywood has been lifting eyebrows over the marriage of Victor Moore, the sixty-seven-year-old comedian, to a girl of twenty-two. "What's wrong with that?" queried Buddy De Sylva. "When she's 100, he'll only be 145." . . .

PRIVATE D. H. HIGGINS has rewritten one of Shakespeare's most beautiful sonnets with surprisingly effective results:

When in disgrace with sergeants and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my K.P. state,
And trouble deaf buddies with my bootless cries,
And sit among the spuds, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one less steeped in woe,
Featured like him, like him with stripes possest,
Desiring this man's girl and that man's dough,
With what I most abhor forever blessed;
Yet in these thoughts the Infantry despising—
Haply I think on thee: and then my state,
Like to the voice of the new C.O. arising
From G.H.Q., sings songs at the guard-house gate;
For thy sweet love remembered holds such powers,
I scorn to trade my rank for Eisenhower's. . . .

ONE OF VAN CARTMELL'S most ingenious ideas for the Fall list of Garden City Publishing Company is a history of the United States in the form of forty-two four-page tabloid newspapers, complete with feature stories, editorials, cartoons, and columns. Issue Number One is dated March 17, 1493. The front-page streamer reads "Columbus' Discovery Rocks Continent." . . . The forty-two issues will be sold as a unit, in a portfolio. Educators who have seen advance specimens are enthusiastic over the possibilities of teaching the younger generation American history in spite of itself. . . . Collector's item from a Lewis Gannett column: "But the fortress flew on with her chin up. like Marie Antoinette walking to the scaffold, even when red flames from her pitted gasoline tanks were sprouting from her cockpit to her tail." . . . There is talk of a revival of the old *Bookman* magazine this Fall, with Joseph Shipley occupying the editorial chair once graced by John Farrar. . . . Gurney Williams is editing a volume of *Collier's* cartoons for Robert McBride. The title will be "It's a Funny World."



—Hans Alexander Mueller.

FERRIS GREENSLETT, editor-in-chief of Houghton Mifflin, has finished his autobiography, called "Under the Bridge." Publishers live crowded lives and sooner or later they like to tell about the things they have seen, and the fine people they have met. The fine people, and the stinkers too, though if they wait too long the bile evaporates and they can't remember the hot rages that made them stomp up and down the room planning deeds of revenge they never performed and letters full of wonderful insults they never sent. . . . I guess I cooked my chance of ever writing an autobiography when I began this column. Vital bits of my life keep seeping out week by week, like the stuffing of an old armchair, and some day I will look into my store of memories and find that there is nothing left there at all. . . .

A WALK UP SIXTH AVENUE . . . . No trace of the old "El" left, or the Hippodrome, where girls used to disappear into a tank of water and the curtain was lowered instead of going up. . . . Dwindling crowds in front of the employment bureaus, where the town's frowsiest derelicts once congregated. . . . Louis Greene, of *Publishers' Weekly*, with a camera slung over his shoulder. . . . "The Stars on Ice" show at the Center, one of the most exciting entertainments in New York. One skater, Freddie Trenkler, contributes the best belly-laughs in town; another, Mary Jane Yeo, has more allure than Sonja Henie. . . . A purist points in horror to the sign on the marquee: "Center Theatre." Both words, of course, should follow the same form of spelling; either "ER" or "RE" are acceptable, but not a dash of each! . . . Donald Geddes, stepping briskly out of the U. S. Rubber Building. Several months of exposure to Big Business at S. and S. have rubbed the dreamy, serene, Columbia University Press look from Donald's eyes. . . . And are more ladies in this town about to have babies than ever before or is it just that I am growing more observant in my old age? . . . A famous figure trudging complacently ahead of me with a huge package in his arms. It is Professor Einstein. I follow him for a block. Not one person recognizes the world's most renowned mathematician. "Aren't you surprised that nobody stops to gape at you?" I ask when I catch up with him. "If Lana Turner walked up this same block, a thousand people would turn to rubber." "Lana Turner," remarks the Professor sagely, "has a great deal more to show than I have!" . . .

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN, by this time, has become a familiar and accepted part of the Princeton family. His house is furnished with Spartan simplicity. The

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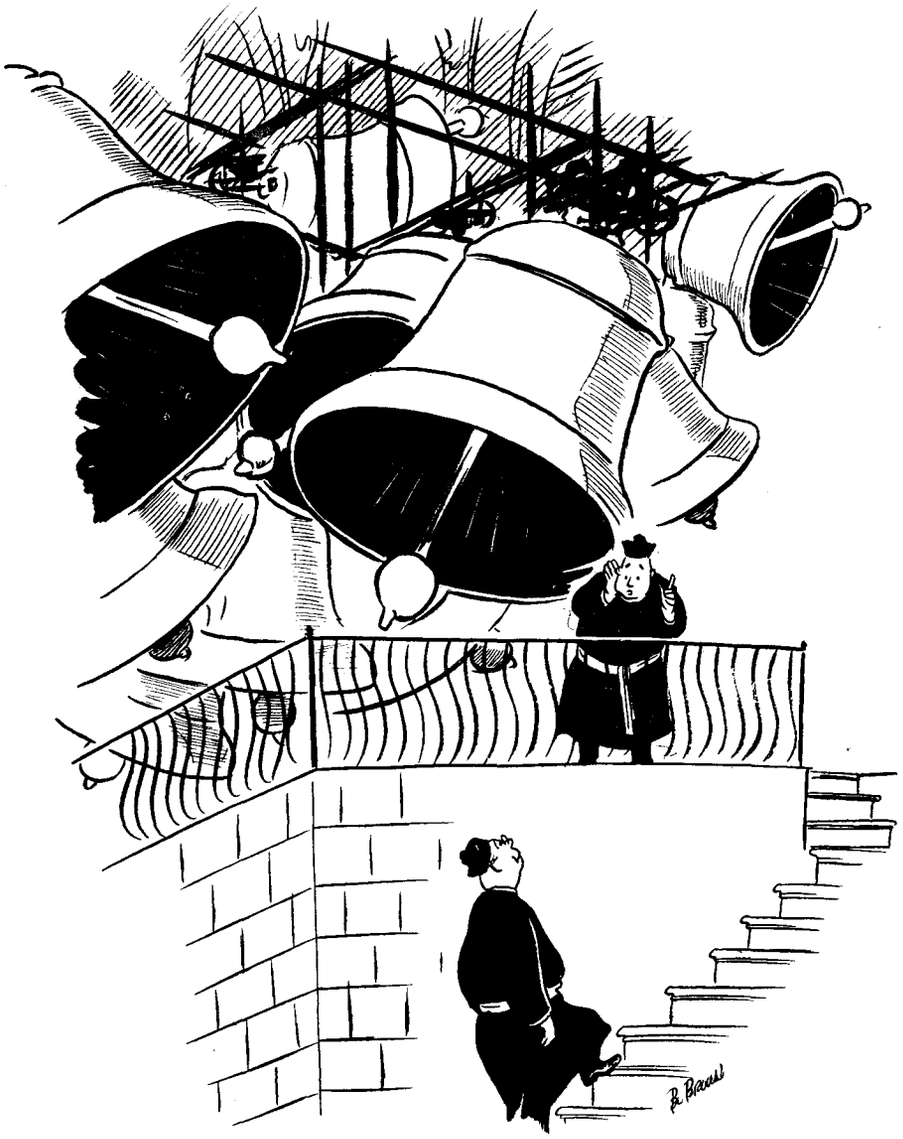

"I hear the Good Humor Man."

hand-made pieces were shipped to him from Germany; he considers it rare good luck that he managed to salvage them. His couch is the nearest thing to a fakir's bed of nails that I have ever felt, but the Professor sleeps like a log on it. You probably have heard of the twelve-year-old girl who fell into the habit of dropping in on the Professor every day on her way home from school. Her parents were gratified but a trifle mystified too. One evening the mother found an opportunity to ask the Professor, "What do you two talk about every afternoon?" "Oh," laughed the Professor. "She brings me cookies and I do her arithmetic homework for her."

When Professor Einstein visited Palm Springs last year, another distinguished guest at his hotel was James Schnozzola Durante. One day the manager called Jimmie and said, "Professor Einstein has his violin with him. I told him you might accompany him at the piano for a while." Jimmie agreed, and there followed possibly the most incongruous duet in the history of music. "I don't play so good," confessed Jimmie. "Every time I made a really terrible mistake the Professor gave me a hurt look like I done it on purpose." As an afterthought, he said, "The Professor made plenty of mistakes too!"

Professor Einstein is fascinated by American slang. He listened carefully three times to the story of the employer who told his secretary, "There are two words I must ask you never to use in my presence. One of them is 'lousy,' and the other is 'swell'." "Okey doke," answered the secretary. "What are the two words?" When he finally comprehended, the Professor threw back his head and roared with laughter. Jascha Heifetz's irrepressible sister Pauline stopped him cold when she sat next to him at dinner at a recent Princeton function. "Tell me, Professor," she said with deadly seriousness, "is this mathematics racket really on the level?" . . .

BENNETT CERF.

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Reading for Combat

COLONEL JOSEPH I. GREENE

WAR is so world- and life-wide in its spread that the "technical" books of warfare may be said to include many kinds of books not ordinarily thought of as technical books at all. Works of fiction can help the commander know of men in combat and tell him much about the acquirable techniques of leadership. More comprehensive studies of command and the kinds of problems commanders and the leaders under them must face, he can find in biography and history. As books for the leader I would also include the most accurate current reports from the war theaters and the home fronts, and the most open discussions of the world now and the world ahead. We can extend much further the classes of books that have value to the military leader, and indeed to every reflective soldier, and include geography, geopolitics, and the social sciences as well as the more rigorous sciences, all of which touch warfare at some point and most at many points.

Thus "military books," books for the soldier thinking mainly now of war, books for the commander whose intent purpose it is to understand as much of war in all its aspects as he can, comprise not simply the technical books, military and more general, but also books of many other kinds. This is not to say, however, that the technical book, in the limited publishing sense of this term, is not of high value in war, for it is.

It is true that until war came close to us you could examine a hundred technical books and find hardly a reference to war in any of them, this despite the fact that every technique covered in the hundred would have application in war if it came. There were no "technical books" (in the book trade sense) that I know of which dealt with any side of war as such. The production of books that dealt with the techniques of war itself and the applications of practical science to war was left wholly to the Army and to the publishers of military books.

Taking military books in the narrower sense, the word "technical" and its noun "technique" have broader connotations than they have in book publishing or, for that matter, in the writing of books. I suppose no author or publisher conceives of himself as producing a "technical" book except when he deliberately aims it at those who wish to study the techniques of a particular trade or profession. In the books of war, however, a common term is "tactics and technique." A whole set of textbooks, used for years at the Command and General Staff School and many other army schools, had this phrase, usually shortened to "T&T," as the common part of their titles: "T. & T. of Air Corps," "T. & T. of Field Artillery," "T. & T. of the Quartermaster Corps," and so on.

"Tactics and technique" in this common military use are overlapping and practically inseparable terms. Together they connote the whole of campaign and battle as fought by parts of the Army or all of it. A translation into every-day words of the title (borne by several important books of military instruction in the past twenty-five years), "Tactics and Technique of the Combined Arms" is simply "How an Army Fights a War."

At the same time, the Army does divide its official books of instruction into Field Manuals and Technical Manuals, though if these were published by the publishing trade they would probably all come under the heading, "technical books." In general the Field Manuals explain the technique of combat and campaign for a fighting force as a whole and for the scores of different Army units and individual combat soldiers. The Technical Manuals cover specific subject matter for which a single pamphlet or book seems desirable. There is, for example, a series of Air Forces Field Manuals that go into all sides of air training and fighting. "Tactics and Technique of Air Attack" (FM 1-10), "Tactics and Technique of Air Fighting" (FM 1-15), and "Air Navigation" (FM 1-30) are three of this series which contain the basic principles of modern battle in the air. They outline in general terms the methods which, carried out in a particular war situation, result in the dramatic and efficient use of air forces against the Axis. There are books of similar scope for the ground forces, a series for each branch. There are the books on each Field, Coast, and Antiaircraft Artillery weapon—scores of them, such as "155-mm. Gun, M1" (FM 6-90)—and on the Infantry weapons. But since Infantry weapons are used, too, by almost all other kinds of troops, the manuals on these weapons are not included in the Infantry series but among the Basic Field Manuals.

COLONEL JOSEPH I. GREENE, guest editor of this section, is editor of *The Infantry Journal*, widely quoted military periodical which has gained a large following in recent years among laymen as well as among specialists in military affairs. Colonel Greene served in the last war in the infantry; after the war he enlisted in West Point, graduating in 1923. He has seen service in Panama, the Philippines, and China. He is the author of "What You Should Know About the Army Ground Forces," and "What You Should Know About the Army Service Forces," the latter of which will be published this Fall. Colonel Greene is one of the judges in the War Books Panel of the Council on Books in Wartime which at intervals selects an "Imperative," carrying the endorsement of the Council. The Panel's "I" award is comparable, although in a more limited sense, to the awarding of a Navy "E" to a shipyard or factory.

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This particular group of basic military books—there are about a hundred of them, roughly a third of all the Field Manuals—also contains a number of the more general titles. "Military Sanitation and First Aid" (FM 21-10) is not for the Medical Corps soldier alone but for every soldier. For unless all troops know how to observe rigid sanitary measures in every part of the world they may fight in, combat units will not reach battle in full strength; and every soldier must likewise have the life-preserving, first-aid training without which needless death is a certainty for many. "Defense Against Chemical Attack" (FM 21-40) is another book that applies to every man and woman in uniform; for gas, if it should ever be used again by a desperate enemy, spares only the soldier who knows what to do and do fast when it comes. In "Motor Transport" (FM 25-10) the troops of every type, air and ground, learn the things that keep their vehicles rolling with the minimum of accident and lost time for repair and maintenance.

The Field Manuals also include the Army's text on the control of occupied areas, "Military Government" (FM 27-5), and the handbook of international law and wartime practice, "Rules of Land Warfare" (FM 27-10). The first of these will doubtless become considerably expanded as our experience in military government widens. The second holds much that our Axis enemies have disregarded, but much, too, which still obtains in the midst of ruthless warfare.

The two army manuals which perhaps lead all others in importance are "Field Service Regulations: Operations" (FM 100-5) and "The Soldier's Handbook" (FM 21-100). "The Soldier's Handbook" is given to every man in Army uniform shortly after he puts on his uniform. It is the book containing the elementary things that every soldier—the soldier in the bomber crew and the soldier in the infantry rifle squad—must know in order to live, work, and fight as a soldier and not give his life carelessly and wastefully when the enemy is close at hand. "The Soldier's Handbook," incidentally, has hardly had a nod from book reviewers, though it seems that the book might at least be a matter of curiosity among them, for among the millions whose lives will eventually hang upon putting their knowledge of its contents into practice are bound to be a number of reviewers of books.

"Field Service Regulations: Operations (FM 100-5)" is the book that Army commanders use as a guide for campaign and battle. It is the handbook that lays down concisely the general principles of using air and

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ground power in combat. So far as I have been able to notice, much is written about the broadest aspects of warfare, and about books that discuss those aspects, without the slightest reference to the American ways of warfare that are plainly stated in "FSR: Operations."

The Technical Manuals are generally narrower in their individual scope than the Field Manuals. They are larger books, too, eight or nine inches by six, whereas all Field Manuals are pocket size. There are many hundreds of them, divided like the Field Manuals into a series for each branch of the Army plus a general series useful in all branches.

THE Air Forces series of Technical Manuals alone contains some sixty books covering all the technical sides of air training. "Elementary Flying" (TM 1-210), "Basic Flying" (TM 1-212), "Advanced Flying" (TM 1-215 and 1-216), "Weather Manual for Pilots" (TM 1-230), "Arctic Manual" (TM 1-240), "Theory of Flight" (TM 1-400), "Aircraft Engines" (TM 1-405), "Airplane Structures" (TM 1-410), "Lathes" (TM 1-420), "Welding" (TM 1-430), "Physiological Aspects of Flying and Maintenance of Physical Fitness" (TM 1-705), "Mathematics for Pilot Trainees" (TM 1-900)—these titles give an idea of the scope and completeness of the Air Forces Technical Manual series. Mention of a few others will help further to show the variety: "Surveying" (TM 5-235), "Repair of Fish Nets" (TM 5-268), "Military Railways and Inland Waterways" (TM 5-400), "Field Artillery Individual and Unit Training Standards" (TM 6-605), "Outline of Neuropsychiatry in Aviation Medicine" (TM 8-325), "Browning Machine Gun, Cal. .50, All Types" (TM 9-1225), "The Machinist" (TM 10-445), "Driver's Manual" (TM 10-460), "The Radio Operator" (TM 11-454), "The Chaplain" (TM 16-205), "Field Music" (TM 20-250), "Sports and Games" (TM 21-220). There is also a long series of foreign language dictionaries.

There is one Field Manual which contains the whole list of Army training publications, "List of Publications for Training" (FM 21-6). This is procurable from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. (or *The Infantry Journal*, 1115 17th St., Washington 6, D. C.) for thirty cents. The official manuals vary in size from pamphlets of thirty or forty pages to books of five and six hundred pages, the prices run from ten cents to a dollar or so, and all are bound in heavy paper. Those for sale to the public are obtainable from either source just mentioned. A number of the manuals listed in FM 21-6 are not available to the public.

The Army's books are continually being revised. This is done by issuing printed "Changes," as fast as changes need to be made. These are prepared separately for each manual and numbered in series. Changes may consist of anything from a single sheet to thirty or forty pages. All "Changes" are usually incorporated into the body of the manual itself with each reprinting.

This fast, continual revision, especially necessary in the face of rapid war developments, is in contrast to the much more deliberate revision customary for books in general, including technical books. A revised edition ordinarily follows in a year or two and depends, mainly, upon the demand for the book, though many technical books do not require a more frequent revision even for use in war. The need for quick revision in certain kinds of military books is bound to result in rapid obsolescence. Indeed, the deliberate production, sales, and announcement methods habitual in the publishing business have made a few military books thus produced badly out-of-date by the time they reached the counters.

Besides the officially prepared textbooks, there are a number of unofficial though professional military books. These contain a more individual, and often a more general, treatment of military matters. There are tactical and historical discussions, useful standard handbooks prepared by individual military writers, and other books to serve military needs not covered or not completely covered by the official books. These are the books produced in the peacetime years by the two active military publishing houses. Since war first approached, a number of general publishers have entered this field with one or more books. But not many have given indication that they are making more than a wartime effort in this direction.

ONE good example of the professional but unofficial military book is "The Officer's Guide"[1] which has had a distribution of several hundred thousand copies in the past ten years, with several revisions per year since 1941. This is the anonymous work of an Army officer who saw the need for a thorough book on military customs, pay, official correspondence, and the like. Never-ceasing revision has kept it so useful that no official book of the kind has appeared to be necessary and the book has had much official use. Another type of military book is represented in the Fighting Forces Series of twenty-five cent books published by *The Infantry Journal* and in some instances co-published by Penguin Books, Inc., the trade distributors of a large list of military books. "Psychology for the Fighting Man," written by some forty leading psychologists of the country; "Modern Battle," by Col. Paul W. Thompson; "What to Do Aboard a Transport: Science from Shipboard," written by a group of scientists; "Genghis Khan," a reprint of Harold Lamb's well-known book on the early conqueror; "How to Shoot the U. S. Army Rifle" and

—*Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps*

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[1] Military Service Publishing Co.

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"Scouting and Patrolling," practical warbooks prepared from official materials by Capt. Arthur W. Goodfriend, with assistance from *Time, Inc.*; "The New Soldier's Handbook," largely a reprint of the official handbook—these are typical books, for the most part original books, now being given the widest Army and trade distribution through publication in an inexpensive form. It may be a point of interest that military publishers view such books as standard, and not simply as wartime books. They will have continuing value for the professional soldier on into the years of peace.

So, of course, will the classics of warfare from Clausewitz on. Such studies as "Machine Warfare," by Major General J. F. C. Fuller[2]; "Hitler's Second Army," by Alfred Vagts[2]; and the books of the new Military Classics Series[3] are works that will be read as long as armies are needed to preserve peace in this world.

Considering the books of every military use, there is no clearly delimitable sphere of technical books in the sense that there is in publishing. We can, of course, try to bundle all military books into that category and be done with it. But I think this would tend to make the supposedly non-military reader feel that military matters are too "technical" for him to approach.

IT makes no difference what name we give the serious books of war so long as every American who reads books at all is not frightened away from them by a label that makes him think they are not for him, but only for the fighting and working soldier. There are several reasons why these books do have general rather than strictly professional interest.

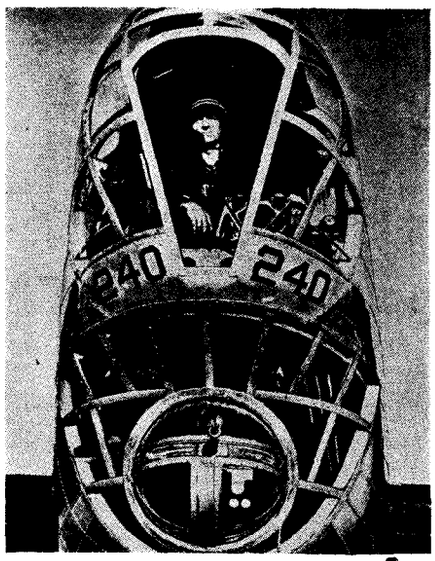
I suggest, as a first reason, that some general readers may desire to check up on the "experts." I do not use those quotes derisively, for by now there are a number of very expert military experts, but many are still by no means so. There are fewer military boners in the papers now than there were in 1940 and 1941, but there are still far too many for a press that otherwise sets a reasonable standard of accuracy. You can also find military errors in every hastily written magazine article about the Army and the war, and in a good many radio broadcasts.

As a second reason, I suggest that members of the families of soldiers might learn something of the jobs their men and women are doing in the Army. There are, it is true, some good popular books designed to familiarize any reader with the many different arms and services. But if your son is a member of a rifle squad, or a machine gun or 75-millimeter gun crew, or a tank or airplane crew, you can make more sense of his letters and he can feel a closer interest on your own part, if you have thumbed through some of the same books he uses in becoming a fully trained soldier.

There are three other arguments addressable to particular groups of Americans. There is the potential soldier reader whose period of eventual training is bound to move ahead more smoothly and with more possibility of rapid promotion, if he already has, when he enters the Army, at least the general knowledge every soldier of the ground and air forces must have. One life-or-death thing he must know is how to make the most of the ground for protection against

[2]*The Infantry Journal.*
[3]Military Service Publishing Co.

—From "As Soldiers See It."
Tech. Sgt. O. L. Dudley's painting, "Motor Pool."



—From "Flying Squadrons."
Bombardier, far up in the nose of a B-18, has wide visibility.

bullets, shells, and bombs. The title of a recent official training film implies this thought a good deal more succinctly. The film is called "How To Get Killed, In One Easy Lesson." Elementary battlecraft can be readily learned by the potential soldier, with the aid of a military book and no great amount of practice, before he ever puts a uniform on.

There is also the armchair strategist whose strategy is nonsense unless he acquires a reasonably full knowledge of the capabilities *and* the limitations of the forces (and their weapons) which he moves around his maps. Impatience over second fronts and over not winning the war some fast easy way turns rapidly into appreciation of the great hard job that has been accomplished, when the facts of war, and especially the limitations of weapons and transport, are fully grasped.

THEN there are the men and women of America who read constantly and widely in the desire not only to know what ideas the world produces but often with the aim of furnishing to the world ideas of their own. It is an open question whether there is actually much *more* war in the world today per capita than there was, say, in the time of Genghis Khan seven centuries ago, when every man almost everywhere went armed. But few would be willing to say there is less war now than then. There has been progress so most of us feel, in every form of human activity except toward the abandonment of the most wasteful activity of all. But for the most part, the men and women who produce and spread ideas thought there was progress toward lasting peace in the years till this war came.

I say that no one can hope to help

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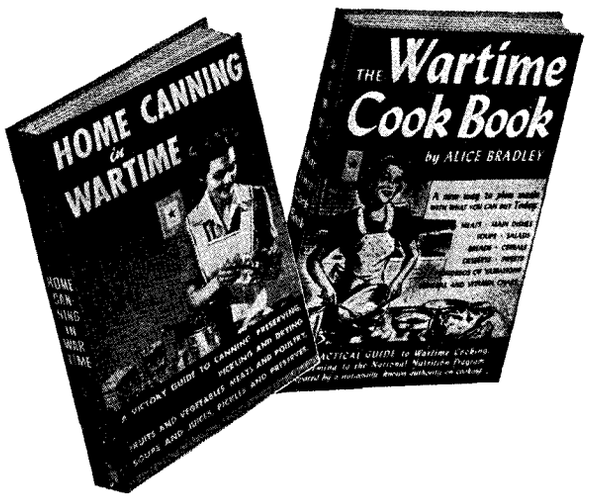

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intelligently toward developing a warless world who does not have a broad knowledge of wars and warfare—yes, to include its chief "technical" aspects if you care to think of these separately. The philosopher, the scientist, the sociologist, the political expert, the worker, and the industrialist must understand the general and his armies.

And finally there is the question that any man or woman not likely to be in uniform in this war can ask himself in this wise: "I knew nothing of war until it was here. Now, I read about it and hear about it daily because my country is at war. Do I want to forget war again when this war is over? Or was there some connection between Hitler and Hirohito and my own ignorance of war up to 1940? Isn't it my responsibility to gain sound knowledge of armies and war from those who conduct it so that I may know the signs of war long before-hand next time, and do my part toward insisting that armed strength is kept available to put down war before it can again grow world-wide?"

Moreover, a country and its armed services are not discrete, especially so in the United States where the whole country determines by its interest or lack of it what its armed strength shall be. The quality of the air, sea, and ground forces is determined in peace and in war not merely by the assignment of duties to men in uniform, or by perfunctory appropriations for the upkeep and development of men, weapons, ships, and airplanes. It is at bottom a matter of mutual understanding between the services and the nation of which they are a part, of facing together the probable and improbable tasks of national defense. In short, it is a matter of general military knowledge on the part of every citizen whether in uniform or not.

For the non-soldier as for the soldier that knowledge, including much that may be thought of as technical, must be gained to a large extent through books.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 490)

MORISON:
ADMIRAL OF THE OPEN SEA

There was no psalm-singing New Model,* no spirit of '76, no Army of Liberation with drums and trumpets behind Columbus. He was man alone with God against human stupidity and depravity . . . even against nature and the sea.

*Reference to Cromwell, Washington, and Bolivar.

The Best Is Yet to Come

The Prospects of Technical Books for the Future

JOSEPH McKIBLE

THE demand for technical books, as a result of the war, far exceeded its anticipation. Just as a mechanized war called forth the best efforts of mass production, the training of men called for mass production methods. The armed forces suddenly needed a tremendous number of soldiers who were also skilled mechanics. Aviation, tanks, signal communications, ships, chemical warfare, camouflage, artillery, and the many specialized branches of modern war found a dearth of men to run the many services. An intensive training program was started comprising government schools, special classes for officers and enlisted men, and the enrollment of most colleges to train men for the armed forces. Pre-training courses in electricity, aeronautics, machine shop work, and machinery have been started in high schools throughout the nation. This program will provide a foundation of technical skill to hundreds of thousands of teen-age students.

Industry, too, faced the need for a tremendous number of workers with special skills. The conversion of plants from a peace to a war economy meant the training of workers in jobs that were utterly foreign to them. Most war industries met the situation with training programs of their own, and ran classes to teach not only former employees but the thousands of new ones so badly needed by most plants.

The entire training program has been so vast and so intensive that the demand for technical books was almost startling. Books used in these programs were purchased by the thousands. The general public found a need to refresh and brush up on studies long forgotten or unused. This demand for technical books will last for the duration of the war.

Some indication of the part technical books will play in a post-war world is already apparent. From an industrial and mass production era we are most certainly entering a chemical age in which exploitation will develop in the research laboratory. Natural resources as a source of wealth are reaching a limit. The vast wealth of such resources lost in the war can only be replaced by the discovery of new products to manufacture and sell. It is from the research laboratory that the promise of a new wealth comes upon which we shall depend for the means to maintain and raise our standard of living.

Industrial research is already pointing the way to this new wealth: rubber from a test tube, sheer hosiery from coal, air, and water, glass that bends and can be woven into fabric, light that can turn a corner, dress materials from wood-pulp, atom-smashers, electronics, prefabricated houses, and thousands of products

Two Men in a Tank: Capt. Lowell M. Limpus, an old-time newspaperman, is shown with Col. E. L. Harrison, commanding the 47th Armored Regiment.

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indicate a wonder world which a few years ago might have seemed fantastic. Less than fifty years ago research was almost non-existent. There are now well over two thousand industrial laboratories spending over a quarter of a billion dollars a year.

The end of the war will mean the tremendous task of conversion from a war- to a peacetime economy. Hundreds of thousands of skilled workers will find it necessary to learn new skills and training programs will be necessary to prepare workers for jobs in the automotive, aircraft, radio, chemical, and other industries. Skilled technical men and the great number of men trained as a result of the war will endeavor to work at jobs suitable to the training they have had. By study and learning they will attempt to improve that knowledge and to keep abreast of new developments in order to improve their chances.

Even this inkling into the world after the war is sufficient to realize the continued importance and demand for technical books. As the country attains normalcy and as research attains new heights, it is likely that the demand for elementary technical material will decrease while the demand for intensive and specialized books will increase. Another large influence in the sale of technical books will probably come from other parts of the world where attempts at reconstruction and self-sufficiency will find an eager audience for all kinds of technical books. The technical book has a greater part to play in the coming era than it had in the one gone by and together with advances in research will constitute a contribution of social importance.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 9

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 9 will be found in the next issue.

S M A N F I D I J N Y J W M
FNHTDYDYB IDYBWN T HTY
PZYQNFJI CDHINWO DYJZ
T ANFHTYNYJ AESWDP
JNHAJTJDZY.

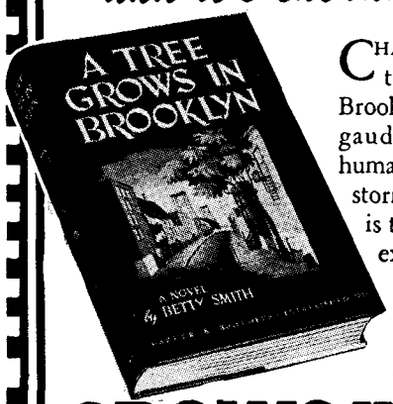
ZIPTF LDWUN—
JCN DHAZFJTYPN
ZO SNDYB NTFYNIJ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 8

WE ALL HAVE SOMETHING TO FALL BACK ON, AND I NEVER KNEW A PHONY WHO DIDN'T LAND ON IT EVENTUALLY.
WILSON MIZNER

A girl named Betty Smith has written a novel about Brooklyn

and it's enchanting all America



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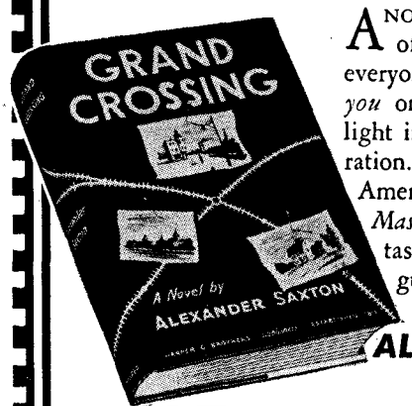
A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN



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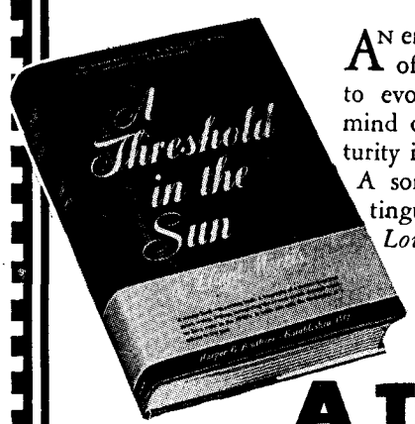

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LLOYD MORRIS

A THRESHOLD IN THE SUN

HARPER

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The Long-Range Requirements of War

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE SIGNAL CORPS. By Harry M. Davis and F. G. Fassett, Jr. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1943. 204 *pp.* $2.50.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ARMY GROUND FORCES. By Colonel Joseph I. Greene. The same.

HE'S IN THE ENGINEERS NOW. By Carl Mann. New York: Robert L. McBride & Co. 1943. 224 *pp.* $2.50.

HE'S IN THE ARMORED FORCES NOW. By Captain Addison F. McGhee, Jr. The same. 264 *pp.*

HE'S IN THE SIGNAL CORPS NOW. By Carl Mann. The same. 192 *pp.*

HE'S IN THE MERCHANT MARINE NOW. By John Scott Douglas and Albert Salz. The same. 224 *pp.*

Reviewed by
LIEUT. COLONEL ARTHUR SYMONS

AMERICANS, as a whole, are still far from having a clear conception of the army their taxes support and their sons provide with its brain, blood, and muscle. That their lack of knowledge is a dangerous thing seems obvious to soldiers, who as late as 1940 were explaining to radio commentators, office holders, and plain citizens, that the days when a nation could spring to arms over night were gone in Caesar's time. The art and science of waging war grow more complex with each advance of science. Books that help Americans to understand our army's organization and training methods are important, if for no other reason than the fact that they help protect a harassed high command from unjustified criticism at a time when all effort must be directed toward winning a war. And when they describe to proud but somewhat fearful parents and friends the life that son John Soldier is leading, books of this type help to bolster the home front.

The Norton series, which now includes about fourteen titles, presents what military men describe as "the big picture" of the arms and services. "What You Should Know About the Signal Corps" tells what the Signal Corps does to help the Army and America win the war. Communication in war is as old as war itself, and this fact is stressed by the torch that makes up part of the Signal Corps insignia. From the beginnings of history, signals were made with torches. In Napoleon's time, semaphores were used extensively in military signaling, but runners (mounted or dismounted) were the mainstay of battle communications. In today's war, we have progressed to radio, and even beyond, into developments that are best not mentioned, but blinkers, pigeons, runners, flares, and even torches are still used to convey the will of the commander to the front, and intelligence to the rear.

The author of "What You Should Know About Army Ground Forces" has the ability to cut through the tissue paper to the package beneath. He explains the organization of Army Ground Forces, with emphasis on the "why" of that organization. Since Army Ground Forces is the training command for the combat units other than Air Forces, the book dwells long, but interestingly, on training methods and theories. Mothers who shudder because Son Johnny sleeps on the ground in the rain during maneuvers may understand why this is done, and how it may save a boy's life in some later maneuver against a living enemy. Viewers-with-alarm who insisted that American youth was soft and couldn't or wouldn't fight can now realize how and why they were wrong—the organization and the methods of Army Ground Forces have but one end in view—to turn over to the commanders of the war theaters trained units with the will and skill to win.

The McBride books do not stress the "big picture," but take the more personal angle of what Johnny does in training and fighting. With reference to "He's In the Engineers Now," I would like to quote from "Fix Bayonets!" by Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr., one of the best books to come out of the last war:

> There was always good feeling between the Marines of the 2d Division and the Regular Army units that formed it, but the Marines and the 2d Engineers—'Say, if I ever get a drink, a 2d Engineer can have half of it! Boy, they dig trenches and mend roads all night, and they fight all day! . . .

Carl Mann doesn't mention that quotation, which, coming from a Marine, really means something, but he does tell why other soldiers feel that way about the Engineers. The Engineers are charged with such varied assignments as making maps, clearing minefields, supplying drinking water, and providing routes for the advance of our forces and delaying enemy forces, to name but a few of their jobs. To perform these duties takes a lot of learning and a lot of muscle-building. Mr. Mann gives us a view of this training, with pictures.

The Armored Force soldier is as cocky as any other, and with reason. It takes a good man to ride in a hot, clattering tank, or a thin-skinned, wheeled, or half-track vehicle, and to be in shape to fight and win after long hours of such riding. If gunnery is a tough science in war-normal conditions, it is all but impossible when the gun is fired from a lurching tank in the conditions tankers must face. But tankers can do it, as Rommel learned. The process that takes garage mechanics, soda jerkers, laundry routemen, and bank clerks and transforms them into swaggering and efficient armored force men is violent, but effective. Captain McGhee, once General Patton's aide, tells the story with text and pictures—lots of pictures. Play-by-play, he takes a recruit from the Fort Knox railroad station on the way in to that same

—*From "He's in the Engineers Now."*
The "Fighting Engineers"

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station on the way out—from civilian to tanker in thirteen weeks.

In "He's in the Signal Corps Now," Carl Mann gives a somewhat detailed account of what happens to the new soldier from the time he reports for duty to the time he graduates from Fort Monmouth or another Signal Corps Replacement Training Center, prepared to get the message through. While a whirlwind instruction course pounds radio, telephone, telegraph, photography, and other specialized courses into the minds of average American boys, the art of fighting is not neglected. Signal Corps troops, while belonging to a "service," as distinguished from an "arm," or fighting branch, do their share of fighting and sometimes more than their share. It would be rather pointless to develop a first-class telephone man, qualified to keep a complicated communications net open under fire, and then not teach him to protect himself and his equipment. And Signal Corps troops have died in this war, keeping communications open with skill and devotion that is a tribute to the training these men receive.

"He's in the Merchant Marine Now," while not a book about the Army, is one that few soldiers would pass by lightly. The Army appreciates the merchant marine—we prefer to do our fighting outside the borders of the United States, and this requires many ships and many men to keep them sailing. The soldier takes his fighting in spurts, the Navy sailor has the comfortable feeling that comes with the equipment to dish it out as well as take it, but the merchant seaman has been taking it right along, and still delivers the goods. Good merchant seamen, like followers of any other profession, must be trained. Our seamen are good; it should follow that their training is good also. The Maritime Service trains both seamen and officers, and in huge numbers. Classroom work and practical work combine to produce men who have the knowledge, the physique, and the spirit to move materials of war to Guadalcanal, Murmansk, and points east and west. The authors of this book have managed to combine the romance of the profession with the hard facts in admirable balance.

Occupational Therapy

The process of restoring soldiers and civilians to physical and mental health through occupational therapy, specifically prescribed for each individual case by a professional therapist, is now being shown in an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. The exhibition will remain open through September 19.

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What Fiction Can Do for the Soldier

COLONEL R. ERNEST DUPUY, G.S.C.

THE art of war, like all arts, is an exacting mistress. She bestows her favors only upon those who follow her wholeheartedly. That means something more than lip-service; something more than drill regulations and drill, something more than text-book study and maneuvers. It means an active brain, a fertile imagination, superimposed upon the technical side of the art. It means a continual absorption, part of which must of necessity include reading.

What has this to do with fiction? Personally, I submit it has a great deal to do. Why do I read fiction? For entertainment, for escape, and—frequently—out of pure curiosity. What happens when I read fiction relating to my profession? Usually intense interest, resulting either in satisfaction, if the professional background fits my concept, or disgust if it fails in that regard. What have I gained in either case? Simply this: A mental bell is rung, alerting my conscious to some specific phase of my profession.

For example, take Victor Hugo's description of the French cavalry charge at Waterloo, derided by some realists as apocryphal. They say there never was a "sunken way of Ohain," into which the horsemen piled to die in a welter of thrashing hooves and horror. Maybe that Ohain road, across which Milhaud's cuirassiers charged, was level and open for all to see—not at all the ditchlike path obscured by hedges and pitfall described by Hugo. So what? To me, that passage impresses more graphically the necessity for ground scouts, for reconnaisance, for exact fore-knowledge of the terrain over which one launches men or horses or horses or tanks or airplanes, than any textbook on scouting and patrolling ever printed.

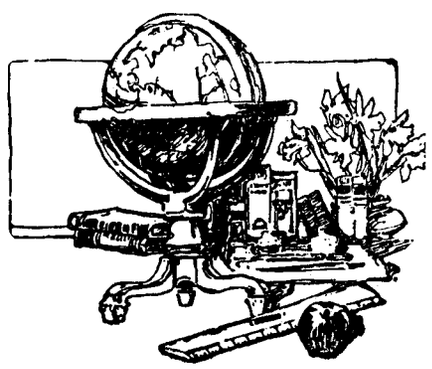
Ardant du Picq, about one hundred years ago, began his masterly "Battle Studies," forerunner of a few good, and many indifferent, books on the psychology of the soldier. But to me, Kipling's "Drums of the Fore and Aft" sums up the psychology of the fighting man and the problems of leadership. Kipling knew; Kipling, the little near-sighted civilian to whom was given the rare power to dissect and portray the heart of that cynical, sentimental creature, the Anglo-Saxon soldier.

And, returning to Hugo, what more impressive lesson can a sailor get on the necessity of securing all movable objects on shipboard, than by reading his description of the runaway cannon in "Les Miserables"?

This is no plug for fiction as a royal road to military knowledge. More serious reading is, of course, a necessary adjunct. The point I wish to make is that military knowledge can be absorbed and pointed, military imaginations titillated, by fiction. Similar results can be obtained by some other reading not basically military. One of the saddest things about the decline of "dead language" courses in high schools and colleges is that coming generations of youngsters may be deprived of knowledge of military engineering once absorbed during the translation of Caesar's "Commentaries," and of tactical principles similarly presented in Xenophon's "Anabasis."

Castramention—the technique of overnight security—was a daily necessity in Caesar's day. Mechanized three-dimensional war has made it a necessity again today. Military bridge-building is the same now, in basic principles, as laid down by Caesar in his description of the bridging of the Rhine. As for Xenophon, the scythed chariots and armored horsemen of Cyrus were forerunners of the tank, the adventures of the Ten Thousand an everlasting example of military fortitude and discipline. And, while on the subject of corollary reading, we find in Holy Writ the first story of military intelligence, (Joshua 2) to say nothing of the many terrain descriptions which, according to Wavell, so aided Allenby in his Palestinian campaign of 1917-18.

Military history is a "must" study for every soldier, of course, who expects to get anywhere in his profession. The historical novel assists. One wonders how many professional soldiers of today owe foundation of their military historical knowledge to the novels of G. A. Henty? I know of two generations in my family. Perhaps that dates me, but, if so, it's a flexible date, for a certain worn set of Henty stands ready for the use of a third generation who will be delving into it in a very few years. Biased at times in political and religious opinions, sticking always to the one hackneyed plot, Henty nevertheless contrived to remain entertainingly on the track insofar as his military historical background was concerned. And then there's our own American soldier, Charles King, whose fiction, based on our Indian campaigns of the '70's, besides being highly entertaining, carried, sugar-coated, a dose of "Duty, Honor, Country."



OF today's war fiction I am not competent to judge. There are but twenty-four hours in each day. What smattering glimpse I have had falls so far short of covering the field that it would be impertinent for me to offer much criticism, favorable or otherwise. But I do have the feeling that some of our contemporaneous novelists have trampled so close upon the heels of events that it would be unwise to place much reliance on their efforts. Further, partisan ideologies and sympathies have clouded their background mirrors in many cases.

To me, for instance, Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" gives no such clear military picture as do either of C. S. Forester's short novels—"Rifleman Dodd," and "The Gun." Yet all three purport to show the reactions of men—civilians and soldiers both—at war in the Iberian peninsula.

Going further back, the "Leatherstocking Tales" are still good reading for any man who must rely on his individual marksmanship and woodcraft in jungle fighting today against savages. Natty Bumppo has come to life again in New Guinea jungles. I doubt if any twentieth-century James Fenimore Cooper exists as yet.

On the directly military side, one finds an increasing flood of soi-disant authorities. One gains the impression that, unfortunately, some of our publishers have rushed in to take advantage of the waxing market presented by the mass military mind of several million soldiers. Kickapoo Indian remedies, each guaranteed, by implication, to "teach . . . the way to promotion and pay" are being urged upon our soldiers and their families. Here the reading soldier should go slowly. Let's stick to the old reliables, plus the training manuals.

But don't be afraid to read fiction. And, by the way, don't be afraid to read "Mein Kampf." The better you know your enemy, the better you can fight him and crush him. Reconnoitering him doesn't mean that you either love him or admire him.

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In Actual Battle

HOW THE ARMY FIGHTS. By Lowell M. Limpus. New York: D. Appleton-Century. 1943. 388 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by

COLONEL JOHN U. AYOTTE

WAR conscious civilians, busy on the home front—and many men of the armed forces, too—will find this very readable book a distinct help in following and understanding current military operations. Captain Limpus has no strategic axe to grind; he offers no armchair formula for winning the war; but he does give a clear picture of how the Army is organized, armed, and equipped, and how it functions on the field of battle. In layman's language he discusses strategy, tactics, and logistics. He covers intelligently the whole arsenal of military weapons. He writes of the Air Force, the Armored Command, the Infantry, of all the arms and services, dealing with their special characteristics, and the part each plays in a closely coöperating team.

Of the twenty-five chapters, the grimmest of them is called "Paying the Price of Pacifism." Here one may agree or strongly disagree with the author's arguments and deductions, or believe that his estimates of our eventual war casualties are unduly pessimistic; nevertheless, these eleven pages contain plenty of food for thought.

The chapters on logistics are particularly recommended, for many critics of modern campaigns and battles are apt to minimize or ignore the supply question, which in most situations will dictate both the strategy and the tactics employed. The modern army is vastly more formidable in fighting power than any of its predecessors in the pages of history, but much more quickly immobilized by breakdowns in its necessarily complex supply system. The host of Xerxes could live off the country, and quantity manufacture of spears, swords, and arrows probably imposed no great strain on the production or the transportation of the Persian Empire. Napoleon could usually subordinate logistics to strategy, although his doing so in 1812 was a primary factor in his defeat by the Russians. But the logistical situation in 1943 warfare is something else again, and Captain Limpus gives his readers a very good idea of some of the supply problems faced in the African and Sicilian invasions, and in the far-flung Pacific operations.

The excellent chapter "Our New Infantry" emphasizes infantry dependence upon rifle and bayonet. The former weapon has never been more valu-

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able than it is today, and of the latter General Patton has said, "Few men are killed by bayonets, but many are scared by them." Captain Limpus takes pains to mention, as some writers do not, that an infantry regiment has plenty of other weapons, including heavy and light machine guns, 81-mm and 60-mm mortars, and antitank guns. The latter are now of larger caliber than those referred to in the book, and a cannon company, with still heavier ordnance, has been added to the regiment. Rocket launchers and antitank grenades have further increased infantry capability to combat tanks and armored vehicles.

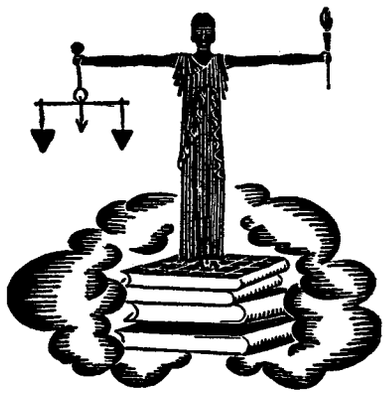
Enthusiasts of the Seversky school may feel that more proportionate space should have been given to the Air Force. The book, of course, went to press before the Tunisian campaign was finished, the Sicilian offensive launched, or the heaviest bombings inflicted on Axis-held cities and industrial areas. The relative effects of air action and ground action in breaking down the enemy's combat power and his will to resist cannot be definitely measured now, and may still be in dispute after the last German plane is shot out of the sky and the last German soldier killed or disarmed. The author is neither "air" nor "ground" minded; the underlying theme of his book is the team-play of all Army forces, and how it is carried out.

"Wheeled Warfare" and "Stopping the Blitz" are twin chapters which outline the tactics of the tanks and of their arch-enemies, the hard-hitting tank destroyers. The matter of team-play is again brought to the fore, by showing how tank operations are closely interwoven with air support, infantry, and artillery coöperation, and the work of the combat engineers who clear paths through minefields, remove roadblocks, and repair or build bridges, often under enemy fire. The story of the tank destroyers is only in its beginning, but what Captain Limpus tells of it will interest all who have yet to read it for the first time.

Since our part in the fighting began in December, 1941, our artillery, both field and antiaircraft, has done very effective work in every theatre of operations. Artillery organization, armament, technique, and tactics are set down in "Beating Off the Bombers," in "Combat Auxiliaries," and in "How Modern Armies Attack," three of the best chapters in the book.

Scattered throughout the pages are many interesting historical comments and illustrative examples. The author, however, could have chosen a much better example of typical cavalry tactics than the attack by Custer on the Indian village on the Little Bighorn. This operation was ill-considered and badly planned, and only a military miracle could have prevented it from being anything else but a disaster. Stonewall Jackson is cited as probably the greatest of American commanders; the majority of critics are apt to rate him below Lee, and possibly Grant, as both a strategist and a tactician. It is a trivial criticism, but General Nathan Bedford Forrest's "Get thar fustest with the mostest men" ceases to be pertinent and colorful after one has seen it innumerable times in military lectures, articles, and books for the last twenty-five years, and this reviewer mildly regrets that Captain Limpus has seen fit to use the quotation!

Since the manuscript of "How the Army Fights" was prepared, certain changes in organization and armament were bound to occur. Land mines, in particular, have come to be very important weapons, and are now definitely affecting both offensive and defensive tactics. But these changes in no way diminish the value to the general reader of what is a sincere, well-written, and useful book.



For Shipworkers

MODERN SHIPFITTER'S HANDBOOK. By W. E. Swanson. 2d ed. New York: Cornell Maritime Press. 1941. 309 *pp. Illustrated, index.* $2.50.

MARINE ELECTRICAL INSTALLATION. By John F. Piper. 2d ed. New York: Cornell Maritime Press. 1942. 394 *pp. Illustrated, index.* $2.50.

PRACTICAL PRINCIPLES OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE. By S. S. Rabl. 2d ed. New York: Cornell Maritime Press. 1942. 218 *pp. Illustrated, index.* $2.

THE Cornell Maritime Press has done signal service in issuing revised editions of these three books. The first editions opened new horizons to the shipworker, and the second revised editions are carrying forward the excellent work.

The scope of the books is pretty well indicated in the titles, and it should be sufficient to recommend them as clear and practical expositions of three phases of ship construction. They are small books and cover a lot of ground, so some of the information is compressed. This makes for hard reading in parts, but nowhere is hard reading due to poor writing or poor organization. Many good illustrations and large folded-in diagrams illuminate the text wherever necessary. R. G. M.

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Victory Through Air Power

VERTICAL WARFARE. By Francis Vivian Drake. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 142 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN H. A. DEWEERD

THE literature on air warfare is maturing. In the early days we were treated to the breath-taking generalizations of Seversky, in "Victory Through Air Power," who disregarded present-day technics to sketch out a bold concept of hemisphere air power. This concept fell flat in Britain where the RAF and the people were at close grips with the realities of air warfare, but it made a startling impact on the mechanically-minded people of the United States. It is not surprising that this concept should ultimately find its way to Hollywood to be immortalized along with Dumbo and Bambi by that master of whimsy and fantasy—Walt Disney. After Seversky came Ziff ("The Coming Battle of Germany") who shared some of the former's zeal but had the good sense to limit his field to the defeat of Germany from the air. Huie, in "The Fight for Air Power," attempted to "help win the war" by rummaging in the War Department closet for skeletons of air power enthusiasts allegedly strangled in earlier days by our "bow-and-arrow generals."

A turn for the better in the quality and helpfulness of air power books came with Michie's "Air Offensive Against Germany" and Caldwell's "Air Power and Total War." These books were not designed to rouse the rabble and exhibited a sense of responsibility on the part of the authors. Now we have a new treatment of the role of air power in the present war in "Vertical Warfare" by Francis V. Drake, a civilian expert and fighter pilot in the First World War. This book is described by the publisher as embodying the program of air attack on Germany now being carried out by the Allied air forces.

Mr. Drake concludes that, from the standpoint of money and human lives, air warfare is the cheapest form of military action. The Japs, he estimates, inflicted $2,000,000,000 worth of damage at Pearl Harbor at the cost of $4,000,000 in planes. They sank $150,000,000 worth of ships—*Prince of Wales* and *Repulse*—for an estimated loss of $500,000 in planes. The RAF, he says, destroyed seven per cent of German industry in 1942 at a cost of 15,000 men, or about half the number lost at Tobruk in June, 1942. In the Bismarck Sea operation, 15,000 Japs were killed at the cost of nine Allied lives. He contrasts these losses with the rough estimate of fifty per cent killed, wounded, and missing of the total manpower mobilized by the principal belligerents in 1914-18. Though he does not give casualty ratios in the Second World War, the implication is that to defeat Germany and Japan by the "traditional methods of land warfare" may require equally heavy losses.

To Mr. Drake's way of thinking, air power represents the only conceivable means of attaining an early victory over Germany. He believes that we have the bomber production, the crews, spares, fuel, and (in the case of Germany) the bases from which to operate. The true objective of an air offensive against the Reich is "that small industrial zone inside western and central Germany" whose mean distance from Britain is about 450 miles. He estimates that if forty per cent of German industrial capacity is destroyed the Reich cannot continue the war. That analysis, he points out, is made solely on the basis of material considerations; morale may collapse before that point is reached.

His "plan" is based upon the acceptance of certain fundamental concepts such as the necessity for the concentrated and continuous character of the attack. He envisages an air attack on the Reich in two phases. The first phase would require 1000 operational and 2000 reserve heavy bombers. With 1000 planes available for eight daylight and twelve night attacks a month, a theoretical total of 80,000 tons of bombs could be dropped on the Reich in two months at an estimated loss of 370 planes. The "saturation" of enemy defenses would, in his estimation, then permit the second phase to be undertaken at a lower rate of losses.

The second phase of the attack would call for 2000 operational and 2000 reserve bombers operating on the same flight schedule as the first phase. Two months of operation at this rate would permit the dropping of 160,000 tons of bombs. On the basis of the experience of 1942, it would appear that a total of 240,000 tons of bombs falling on the industries of the Reich in four months would cripple production to a point where large-scale German military operations are no longer possible or morale would collapse.

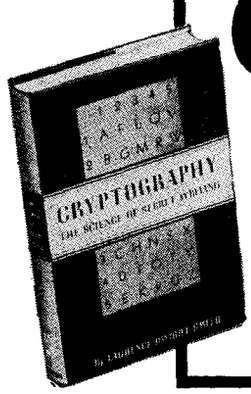
He sets anticipated Allied plane losses in the four-months period at 2000 bombers, a figure which he finds well within the present replacement rate, and a loss of 20,000 men, some of whom would escape death by parachuting from their stricken planes. Here a word of caution seems to be in order. Mr. Drake's flat assumption of a three or four per cent plane loss does not take into account the planes which get home but which crash on landing or are so badly damaged as to be unfit for further service.

Further, Mr. Drake does not make clear to his readers what he means by "traditional land warfare." In a number of passages he seems to imply that such campaigns as those of Tunisia and Sicily are fought with practically Napoleonic methods, whereas the fact is that General Eisenhower has employed every modern resource and means of warfare to the utmost.

Since the present program of the RAF and the United States Eighth Air Force is approaching the total bomb tonnage called for in the first phase of Mr. Drake's plan, the reader may soon have a visual demonstration of the truth or falsity of his major assumptions.

Vertical warfare against the Japs must apparently wait until base and supply problems can be solved.

Fascinating for the layman
Useful for the Expert



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Getting the Jump on the Enemy

SURPRISE. By General Waldemar Erfurth. Harrisburg: Military Service Publishing Co. 1943. 200 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by JOHN E. COLEMAN

PRINCIPLES of supply and demand are making many new military books available to both the general public and the services. Some are interesting, some important, and some both. "Surprise" definitely falls in the latter group.

General Erfurth has long been in the upper bracket of the German High Command. As he is one of Germany's premier military writers, his works receive considerable attention in his homeland. What he says, therefore, may be taken as a fairly reliable index to recent Germany military thought. One sign helpful to our cause is that the Germans still try to rationalize rather than reason, and to elaborate wordily on what should be self-evident facts.

In this respect Erfurth is a worthy successor to Clausewitz. He goes further, however, and argues with himself at considerable length in an effort to reconcile opposing doctrines. Obviously a deep admirer of Schlieffen (the arch-proponent of the envelopment), yet at the same time convinced that surprise is the most important (if not the *only*) principle of war, Erfurth resorts almost to double-talk in trying to convince himself and his readers that Schlieffen ever kept one eye on the principles of surprise. Of course, this is inherently nonsense. Surprise, in its fullest sense, is impossible if one consistently seeks only to envelop: the enemy surely can be expected to know where his own flanks rest, and so (to avoid being surprised) has only to learn whether the blow will come to his left, right, or both flanks.

More seriously in error, Erfurth is quite convinced that surprise is useful only in small tactical operations, not in the field of strategy. We and our allies can be thankful that to a considerable extent this belief so permeated the Axis that it was unprepared to follow its strategic surprises through to their logical conclusion—otherwise, England would have been overrun after Germany's sweep into France, and Pearl Harbor would have been incomparably more disastrous than was actually the case.

But his error of thought is demonstrated by the success of our strategic surprise in invading North Africa.

Our Teuton does argue well, however, in favor of being ever ready to take advantage of one's opponent's mistakes. Surprise is most effective when, in a sense, there is the fullest coöperation between opposing commanders: either an unfortunate error is promptly seized upon and exploited, or by deception the enemy is induced to take faulty action which leaves the "proper" point vulnerable to the crushing blow which has been prepared. If the surprise results from introduction of a new weapon (as German gas in 1915 or British tanks in 1917), the new technique must be used to the full else no net benefit accrues; improper handling prevented the reaping of full gains from those new developments.

Whether operations are by a squad of infantry or by the hordes of Genghis Khan, use of surprise is in at least some measure the "key to victory," as Erfurth puts it. An important fact is, however, that the Germans are not so coldly logical in their military thinking as we have been taught to believe. Add to this their inability to practise as well as they preach, and you find an inconsistency (if not incoherency) of both plan and execution which will help us inestimably as we come to closer grips on the continent of Europe.

General Erfurth wrote "Surprise" before the present war, thus his examples are drawn principally from 1914-1918 and he makes no reference to recent events. The translators, however, have prepared a magnificent introductory Comment which thoroughly relates Erfurth's theme and arguments to the events of the current conflict. Indeed, Dr. Possony's contribution is probably the most important part of "Surprise." Certainly by its precision and clarity it shows by contrast just how befogged is some of the "best" German military literature. Chapter notes, principally illuminating Erfurth's accounts of the principal battles of World War I, are other bright spots of this book; translation plus notes yield detailed and accurate pictures of those engagements which should attract the attention of both officer and layman.

A word about the publisher is in order. In the period of peacetime doldrums the Military Service Publishing Company was the only firm consistently helping to fill the needs of the army. Its initiative continues, with "Surprise" only one of seven volumes of its latest series called generally Military Classics. Its standards are high. May its success continue.

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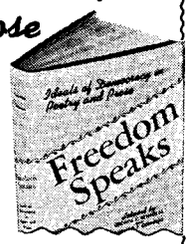

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Literary Equipment for the Soldier

PSYCHOLOGY FOR THE FIGHTING MAN. The Infantry Journal. *Washing: National Research Council.* 1943. 456 *pp. Paper,* 25 *cents; cloth,* $2.

Reviewed by FOSTER KENNEDY, M.D.

THIS is a very good book, not merely for the soldier, but for every man who would, by understanding himself, make the most of himself in good and decent collaboration with his fellows. Indeed, on putting down this book, it seemed, along with Lippmann's "U. S. Foreign Policy," the essential equipment for soldier and citizen by which self-mastery might be reached, the war won, and the peace constructed.

Often one is amazed and alarmed by the naive ignorance of the layman of the nature of his body—of its sketchiest anatomy—of its functioning. Here is simple physiology of some of our organs and capacities. Our special senses are in easy, simple, humorous speech made more comprehensible to those who have forever taken them heedlessly for granted—neat technique for seeing better, for seeing in dim light; for if you want to see an object in the dark, look alongside of it, not at it, and the simple explanation is right here—and there are rules, not only for good seeing, but for good hiding; and how every soldier should be afraid of his own shadow, for the shadow is sharp, well outlined, and easier to be seen than he is.

The notes on color blindness are more intelligible and more interesting than the same subjects in textbooks on physiology. The writer inadvertently reveals that he himself is not color-blind when he says "It's a good thing it was finally decided years ago, always to have the green traffic signal on top and the red below it." (*sic*) "There's no sense in taking a chance on whether one man in twenty is going to start his car up when the red light goes on; and now the color-blind man can remember that Top means Go and Bottom means Stop." And if the driver believes that, he will certainly not live long, for the Red and Green Lights are in exact reverse relationship from the writer's description! But that's a small matter, as long as it stays confined to paper.

There are wise things simply put down regarding sleep, tobacco, the use of tea and coffee and even of Benzedrine. The effect of altitude on thought processes is admirably sketched. Reiteration and the formation of habits are the core of education. Men act quickly on habit, slowly by thought, and in war one must act quickly to live. Without zest there can be no successful education. Not all people are equally endowed with zest, but every soldier in his training should have the realities of warfare made plain to him; then he will have incentive first, and then zest for his life will depend on his having it; then he will learn.

How to make the mind a good sievenet to force it to screen out unnecessary, needless information and focus only on that which is good and has power, is an accomplishment, lifesaving for a soldier, and for the civilian, too, in a cluttered advertising world.

Simple and wise rules are put here by which men learn how to learn, how to memorize, how to read rapidly, how to take notes on reading.

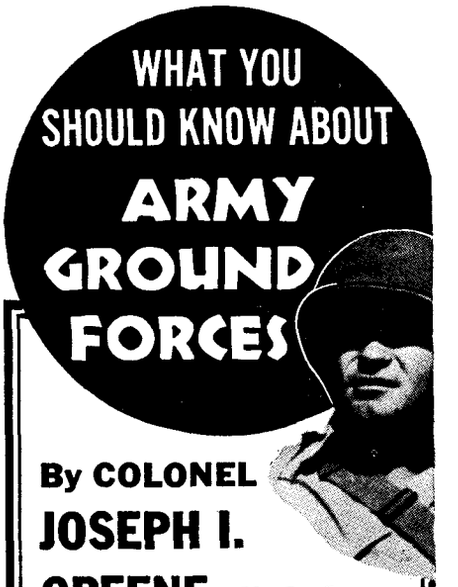
Candidates for commands can learn much from the chapter on "Leadership"—on the significance of discipline, on learning obedience, on the development of confidence in oneself, so that one's command becomes immediately obeyed; on the value of *style* in leadership; on the value of judicious praising by which to get work done; on the limited value of punishment and threat to the same end.

As regards style in leadership the authors might well have pointed to General Montgomery's orders to his army. Again and again one has seen the swift, decisive character of the man in his short, abrupt, idiomatic words to the army under his command, "Good hunting to the West. Go to it!"

To quote the book directly—"Soldiers need to understand men in order to understand themselves and their comrades, and officers must learn how to interpret and influence the conduct of those for whom they are responsible. The soldier must know about human needs, motives, and emotions—about fear, when it comes, what to do about it—about anger, when it is useful, when it makes trouble—about zest, which is the core of good morale in a unit—about anxiety and the sense of insecurity—about indignation against the enemy and irritation against comrades—about the relation of food and sex to military life. He should know also the relation of all these things to morale and thus learn how to avoid bad morale and to build up good morale.

"Every soldier ought to understand further the problems of the mental adjustment of men, first to the army, later to combat. Why men feel insecure. What makes for courage. The signs of approaching breakdown. How to prevent breakdown, and what to do about it when it happens."

The chapter on "Morale" is written



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with understanding and keenness, and the writer knows that the nervous system can be afraid, but that awareness need not show fear. There might have been put in this chapter the story of the British officer in the last war, waiting in the trench for the zero hour when he would lead his men over the top; he found his knees were shaking so hard they were almost rubbing the skin off; whereupon he addressed them grimly, saying, "Well, you may shake now, but if you only knew where I am going to take you in two-and-one-quarter minutes, you'd shake a damn sight more!"

Perhaps the writer did not stress as much as this reviewer would have done how a soldier's morale must be based on sound factual information about why he is fighting; why it is so necessary for him to do well what he is trying to do, not only to preserve his own life, but the life of his country. This last needs both true history and geography.

We have heard almost too much regarding the "nervous breakdown" in war. However, this subject is admirably described, and in just proportion.

Advice regarding food and sex as military problems is beyond praise. Sex is dealt with in a spirit of directness and delicacy and simplicity; so well, that it could be well chosen as required reading by every adolescent schoolboy.

One can learn quickly here much on the psychology of crowds and the mechanism of panic; the lack of capacity of mobs to be critical or weigh evidence, in that no dissenting voice can be heard; for, without the critical faculty, there can be no conscience.

A note even is put down on how to stop a panic but, of course, the best way to stop it is not to have it—by faith in an ideal, your leaders, the other fellows of your unit, yourself.

We read of the psychology of rumor and of each man's responsibility in its check, or spread; and it is good to see that the word "propaganda," in this illuminating book, is used in its original meaning, for the writer says "The truth is the best propaganda. Propaganda does not have to be dishonest or lying." Indeed, this curious word, so constantly on our lips, first appeared in the fifteenth century as the equivalent of the Latin phrase for the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

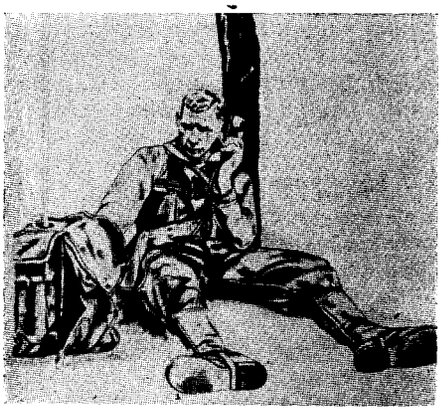
So one sees this volume educates, not for fighting alone, but for the hard combat of civil living as well. It ranges through physiology to religious truth. It stresses the deeply religious need of every man living in a Democracy to train himself for betterment that he may live more fully to himself and with great value to his countrymen and friends.

Basic Principles of Machines

FUNDAMENTALS OF MACHINES. By Charles E. Dull and Ira G. Newlin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1943. 547 pp. Glossary, index, illustrated. $2.

Reviewed by
RICHARD GORDON MCCLOSKEY

THIS book was prepared in about six months, at the request of the War Department and the Office of Education, in conformity with an official outline, as a text for pre-induction training courses. It bears every sign of having been hastily prepared and even more hastily edited. The publishers emphasize the assertion that



—Painting by Sgt. Frank Irvine, from "As Soldiers See It."
The "walkie-talkie," a two-way radio.

it is "one of the finest self-trainers available"—an assertion that should charitably be called exaggeration. Seldom has a text been more ill-prepared for self-training. In the first demonstration, on page six, the student is asked whether a "chemical reaction causes a change in weight of the matter involved," without having been told what a chemical reaction is. Then, on the same page, he is asked to perform an experiment with barium chloride and sodium sulfate solutions involving beakers and a beam balance. A student having this laboratory equipment available would know the answer without having to perform the experiment, and a student without it would have as much chance of performing the experiment at home—even if he knew what a barium chloride solution and a beam balance were—as he would of turning lead into gold. Nearly all the experiments demand knowledge of chemistry and physics not supplied by the book, and equipment of laboratory type.

All through the book the text refers glibly to the illustrations, when explaining how to operate various devices, such as a micrometer caliper, but the parts making up the devices are not labeled on the illustration. This in itself is sufficiently grave a fault to condemn the book for either classrooms or self-study.

The last chapter, on the automobile which is supposed to illustrate most of the principles of machines discussed in the rest of the book, is poorly prepared and makes little effort to correlate the machine theories with their practical application. This reviewer was amused to find that illustrations in this chapter had been liberally borrowed without credit from a book he edited.

The book covers basic machine principles: matter, theory of machines, hydraulics, motion, heat, energy, etc., and would serve as a fairly reliable reference for someone who knew his machines. As a text for the beginner, however, it cannot be recommended.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale. BROWNING.
2. Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream. BURNS.
3. On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined. BYRON.
4. A sadder and a wiser man he rose the morrow morn. COLERIDGE.
5. I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion. DOWSON.
6. Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go. FITZGERALD.
7. And fools who came to scoff remained to pray. GOLDSMITH.
8. The paths of glory lead but to the grave. GRAY.
9. I am the master of my fate: I am the captain of my soul. HENLEY.
10. Say I'm growing old, but add: Jenny kissed me. HUNT.
11. An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the morning. KIPLING.
12. One, if by land, and two, if by sea. LONGFELLOW.
13. They also serve who only stand and wait. MILTON.
14. I'll come to thee by moonlight though hell should bar the way! NOYES.
15. The proper study of mankind is man. POPE.
16. They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar. SCOTT.
17. Thou art more lovely and more temperate. SHAKESPEARE.
18. Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. SHELLEY.
19. "But 'twas a famous victory." SOUTHEY.
20. In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. TENNYSON.

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Planes and How They Work

THE MODEL PLANE ANNUAL 1943. By David C. Cooke and Jesse Davidson. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1943. 224 *pp.* $2.50.

BUILDING MODEL WAR PLANES FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY. By Emanuele Stieri. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 90 *pp.* $2.50.

BASIC MATHEMATICS FOR AVIATION. By Frank Ayres, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 225 *pp., with index, tables, charts, protractor.* $3.25.

BEFORE YOU FLY. By Pearle Thurber Robinson, Frederic A. Middleton, Dr. George M. Rawlins, Jr., Major Joseph W. Phillips. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1943. 568 *pp., with index, glossary, maps.* $2.75.

THE WAR PLANE AND HOW IT WORKS. By Capt. Burr W. Leyson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 224 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

NAVIGATION. By J. C. Kingsland and D. W. Seager. New York: Oxford University Press. 1943. 95 *pp., with index.* $1.

AIR NAVIGATION. By Herbert S. Zim. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 324 *pp., with index, glossary, charts, maps.* $3.

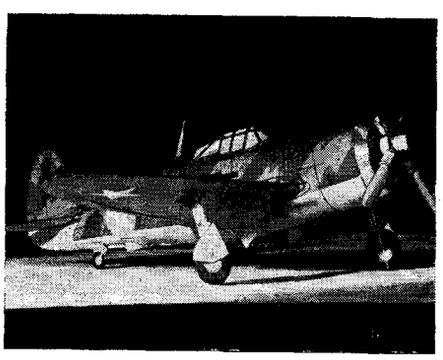
VISIBILITY UNLIMITED. By Lt. Ernest G. Vetter. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1943. 352 *pp., with index, charts.* $4.

AMONG the large number of technical books that deal with aviation, all the way from pre-flight training and elementary shop work, to the most thorough studies of air navigation, there have been books of every quality and books for every age. That we live in an air age surely appears to be evidenced by the number of such books.

Considering the books grouped in this review in the order of their appeal to the different levels of air knowledge, "The Model Plane Annual 1943" and "Building Model War Planes for the Army and Navy" are two very good books on the experimental and recreational sides of elementary aviation. "The Model Plane Annual" is standard reading for the hundreds of thousands of Americans—of all ages—who build and fly the pilot-sized planes. It has always been a thorough job, and, if anything, the illustrations and text in this year's "Annual" are better than those of past editions. "Building Model War Planes for the Army and Navy" is based on an appeal by Robert W. Hambrook, Executive Secretary, Model Aircraft Project Committee, U. S. Office of Education, to the model plane builders of America to coöperate in the war effort by building 800,000 model airplanes. "Every model plane," he says, "that is built and passes inspection will be used specifically for the training of military and civilian airplane pilots, airplane spotters, and the thousands of others who must learn to recognize the various types of war planes . . ."

"Basic Mathematics for Aviation" is a concise treatment of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry for the aviation student. There is an appendix with instructions for the use of the protractor, which comes with the book. The appendix also contains brief tables of logarithms. "Before You Fly" is a broader preparatory text covering first a discussion of why men want to fly—then what makes a plane fly, how planes are built and powered, how the changing air affects flight, what aids pilots have, and how we fly from one place to another. But these simply worded headings for the different parts of the book are unfortunately not typical of the text itself. The text is clear, but a better job of technical writing could have been done. In short, the book, because of its compactness, does not give a sufficient explanation of many technical terms. A good glossary in the back of the book helps somewhat. The text is probably most useful in the classroom, rather than for self-study. On the other hand, "The War Plane and How It Works," though more limited in its scope, leads the aviation enthusiast or student very well indeed toward his goal.

Of the three books touching upon air navigation, "Navigation" is a brief treatment meant as background and a very fair job. "Air Navigation" is much more complete, and perhaps the best of the whole lot in the clearness of its exposition. In fact, it is as good an example of use of plain, technical language with proper explanation of each new term as there is among the recent air books. "Visibility Unlimited" is another very well done reference book dealing with weather. The jargon of meteorology is just about as thick as the language of any science, but Lieutenant Venner presents its sometimes difficult ramifications in an able manner. J. I. G.



—Paper model plane, from "Easy to Build Models of Warplanes of the World."

Winston Technical Books

VOCATIONS FOR VICTORY

★ ★

FUNDAMENTALS OF SHOP WORK

HAROLD E. GODWIN in collaboration with Albert A. Owens and Ben F. Slingluff

The material presented is based on the technical and field manuals of the War Department and is divided into: Woodwork, Metalwork, and Cables, Ropes, Splices. Emphasis is placed on the facts directly contributing to specialized Army work. $1.75

FUNDAMENTALS OF ELECTRIC WELDING

WILLIAM RICE in collaboration with Albert A. Owens and Ben F. Slingluff

Nonessential information has been excluded. The book begins with the simplest operations in arc welding and progresses with step-by-step development to the more difficult jobs. Safety suggestions, diagrams, and a glossary of welding terms help to clarify the text. $1.75

PRACTICE IN ESSENTIAL MATHEMATICS

F. E. GROSSNICKLE, L. J. BRUECKNER and L. S. HANCE

This 272-page text and workbook, we believe to be the most practical book on the market for those who wish pre-induction training in mathematics. Subjects: Intuitive Geometry, Algebra, Ration and Proportion, Graphs, Scale Drawings, Slide Rule, Navigation, Right Triangle, Trigonometric Functions, Logarithms, Longitude, Latitude and Time. $1.35

HOW TO READ BLUEPRINTS

ALBERT A. OWENS and BEN F. SLINGLUFF

This book contains 146 text and study pages and 70 blueprints, 60 in full-page size, 8¼ x 10¾, and 10 in sizes up to 20" x 30". Spiral bound, durable covers, ample space for notes. $4.15

HOW TO READ AIRCRAFT BLUEPRINTS

ALBERT A. OWENS and BEN F. SLINGLUFF

Contains 189 text and study pages, size 8¼ x 10¾ inches. There are 88 blueprints—62 in full-page size, 10 in double-page size, 8 in six-page, and 8 in eight-page size. Glossary of aeronautical terms included. $5.50

★ ★

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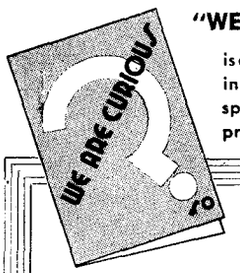

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The Art of Multiple Warfare

AMPHIBIOUS WARFARE AND COMBINED OPERATIONS. By Admiral of the Fleet—Lord Keyes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. $1.50.

Reviewed by
LT.-COL. JAMES W. BELLAT G.S.C.

IT is a great pity that Lord Keyes's very succinct and chronological little book should follow "Combined Operations," because the latter work, dealing solely with the present war and being on the stands first with a similar title, will, one feels, be the preferred reference book to the undiscriminating.

The Keyes book, however, is the grammar on the subject and the history and no officer with an extra-curricular curiosity should fail to supplement his nocturnal reading by studying it closely, for, regardless of service or arm or branch of service, the final stages of this war in Europe —as are the present stages—will be begun with successful, closely knit Combined Operations, and the war in the Pacific in its entirety will also.

The enthusiastic citizen who glibly refers to beachheads in his daily talk would do well to read Keyes and thereby discover the stuff that beachheads are made of. For the military commentator and columnist, the book should be invaluable as a reference work.

Keyes is a sailor of forty odd years of service at sea and he sees the Combined Operation as a logical progression from mastery of the sea and air to a landing on and domination of the hostile shore—a phase which we are entering in Europe at the present time.

He starts with the "Conjunct Expedition" of General Wolfe and Admiral Sanders which resulted in the defeat of Montcalm at Quebec in 1759. He writes as one writes a field order —the disposition, strength, and weakness of the enemy, the disposition, strength, and weakness of the British in the plans of operation—the results. From Quebec he leads on to the reduction of the Taku forts in 1900 and the relief of Peking by the allied forces—a campaign in which he served brilliantly as a young officer. From Taku to the Dardanelles, from the Dardanelles to Zeebrugge and on to this war, his comments run in brief, critical, tactical studies of the Mountbatten Combined Operations of 1941-1943, the Litani River Action, the raids on Vaagso and St. Nazaire and Dieppe.

He preaches Drake's fundamental maximum "Time—is half a victory, which being lost is irrecoverable" and for those who have read Clark Lee's book "They Call it Pacific," his remarks on interservice rivalry—that deplorable military and naval lack of mental stature in all countries—will be particularly significant.

The present reviewer, who has, as it happens, spent a fair portion of his service with the Atlantic Amphibious Force, recommends that every American officer regardless of his service or arm read the following excerpt and take it gently to heart.

"Inter-service rivalries were invariably settled politically on a 50-50 basis —regardless of the merits of the case —which satisfied neither side and left dual control in being, over weapons and services, which was found to break down under war conditions; and once again Britain found herself at war utterly unprepared.

"Men die in Combined Operations. They die like flies. The slightest hitch in coördinated planning, the slightest distortion of the time schedule, the faintest failure in team work—kills them needlessly. One wonders how many died in the Pacific because of Clark Lee's 'Franklin Field Mentality.'"

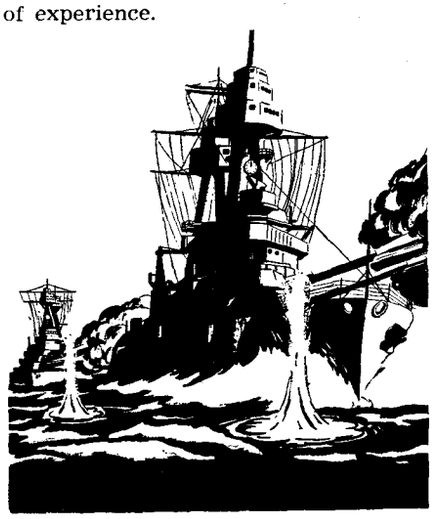
No staff school lectures, no fundamental tactical doctrine ever quite covers a joint Army and Navy landing operation on a hostile, defended shore. Only experience does. Bismarck once said that "only fools benefit by their experience—wise men benefit by the experience of others." Here in half an inch of book is half a sailor's life time of experience, to benefit by. Just as no treatise on navigation, no book on seamanship ever prepares a sailor for his first storm at sea—so no formal military or naval education ever quite prepares an officer for his first battle. But the notes of other officers who have been in battle—met battle conditions, the choice and fluctuation of advantage, the accident of timing, the unexpected in enemy counter-action—will. And Lord Keyes's book gives all of it through the years, the experience on which every officer in both services may find now—against the time when lack of knowledge and lack of experience will be totaled up in hot red blood—as the final years of this war come upon us.

What to Do in the Navy

THE NAVAL OFFICER'S GUIDE. By Commander Arthur A. Ageton. U. S. N. New York: Whittlesey House. 1943. 514 *pp. and index.* $3.

Reviewed by PAUL SCHUBERT

THIS superb manual is the answer to a young and inexperienced naval officer's prayer—and is worth the attention of all naval men, even those who have been at sea for years. As for naval women, the Waves are included too, for it is addressed to them as well as to men. The five hundred odd pages between these covers have just about "all the answers," presented with authority, clarity, and beyond that with the mellow flavor of experience.



This is a Service book. It was prepared at the Naval Academy, where Commander Ageton is at present on duty; a number of its chapters were contributed by other officers. It is not only a book of the Navy, but a book of war—nothing could be more fortunate than the fact that it is a product of the wartime Navy, for, though it is flavored throughout by the customs and traditions of the Service, it knifes through peacetime habits to stress the verities of battle. The ships of which it speaks are ships stripped for action.

The book lists everything the naval neophyte needs to know — uniforms, service organization, how to report aboard ship, how to run a small ship's commissary. It tells of pay and allowances, privileges and rights. It has a chapter on public speaking, and another full of good solid advice on how to get along with other officers. It explains what a task force is, and what honors are rendered an Admiral who comes aboard—it is, in fact, a "lucky bag" of useful knowledge.

If you want to know the kind of uniforms you'll need if ordered to duty at Pearl Harbor, or what to do if you find yourself skipper of a submarine chaser and required to make out a "fitness report" on another officer who hasn't been in the service much longer than you have, or the answer to any one of a thousand and other perplexing questions—here's your Bible.

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Inside the Soldier

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE SOLDIER. By Norman Copeland. Harrisburg, Pa.: Military Service Publishing Co. 1942. 136 pp. $1.

Reviewed by
COLONEL R. ERNEST DUPUY, G.S.C.

THE opening gun-fire of the Franco-Prussian War cut down Colonel Ardant du Picq, commanding the 10th Line Infantry of Canrobert's French Army near Metz. Behind him the gray-haired officer left a mass of notes, memoirs, and studies — fruit of years of research — later published under the title "Études de Guerre"; the first military analysis of what makes the soldier tick. The little volume focussed the whole question of why men fight to one beam: leadership.

Following the Great War an American book was brought out in 1921 by an American Regular Army medical officer, Brigadier General Edward L. Munson, U.S.A., Ret'd. A monumental work was his "Management of Men." Again the analysis pointed to one essential: leadership.

A year ago General Munson's son, Colonel Edward Lyman Munson, Infantry, followed in his father's footsteps with "Leadership for American Army Leaders." This time the beam was even more specific, as its title shows.

Call it morale, esprit de corps, guts, or what have you? All signs point down the one highway. Consciously or unconsciously all great captains have followed this road. Leadership embraces discipline and comradeship. Lack of either of these twin components in an armed force spells defeat, as history shows a thousand times, spells also poor leadership.

All this leads to the point that this reviewer has found nothing new in Norman Copeland's book. More than that, it is a somewhat stuffy little volume better suited to a Sunday School than as a guide to a young leader of fighting men engaged in the serious business of killing other men before they themselves are killed. It is certainly not pointed to American soldiers.

To celebrate its Centenary in 1943, the firm of Macmillan announces The Macmillan Centenary Awards: An Opportunity for Those in the Armed Forces. The American awards consist of $2,500 for the best novel and $2,500 for the best work of non-fiction. There will also be (at the publisher's discretion) smaller awards, totaling $5,000, for other manuscripts or publishing proposals.

Technical Books — A Running Guide

By Raymond Holden

Title, Author, Publisher, Price	*Field*	*Nature*	*Judgment*
HOW OUR ARMY GREW WINGS *Lt. Col. Charles De Forest Chandler & Brig. Gen. Frank P. Lahm* (Ronald Press: $3.75) (ill.)	Military History	A history of aviation as it has led to the development of the U. S. Army Air Force up to the First World War, by two pioneers of flight.	Thoroughly documented, soundly written, important work. There is no comparable volume. The story of the successes and failures of early days is both heartbreaking and inspiring.
FUNDAMENTALS OF ENGINEERING DRAWING *Warren J. Luzadder* (Prentice-Hall, Inc.: $4.)	Draftsmanship	A textbook of mechanical and typographical drawing for engineering students and advanced workers, clearly presented and adequately explained with hundreds of line drawings. Explains the technique and symbols of all forms of engineering drafting.	Remarkable presentation of a difficult subject. So well done and so interesting that even the layman is made to feel that he could master the principles involved. A splendid textbook and one which even the amateur can use for reference.
SHIP REPAIR AND ALTERATION *G. V. Haliday and W. E. Swanson* (Cornell Maritime Press: $2.75)	Shipbuilding	A manual for the ship repairman. How to get ships back at sea. Divided into six parts: one, describes every sort of hull repair; two and three, give a short course in the necessary mathematics, with problems; four, describes the replacement of structural and accessory parts; five, contains general information and tables; six, gives a glossary of shipbuilding terms.	Excellent in every way.
MARINE ELECTRICAL INSTALLATION *John F. Piper* 2nd edition (Cornell Martime Press: $2.50)	Ship Fitting	Instruction text for unskilled workers called upon to do skilled work. Excellent brief manual designed for the worker on the electric installations of merchant vessels. It covers plans, layouts, installations, tests, and a thorough explanation of modern circuits. Invaluable for the shipyard electrical worker.	Bound to be hard on the novice but a godsend to the man who knows something but not enough.
MODERN MARINE PIPEFITTING *Emil H. Hansen* (Cornell Maritime Press: $5.)	Ship Fitting	Handbook of what the layman would call "plumbing" installation for skilled workers and novices in ship repair yards. An excellent, authoritative, graphic presentation of the problem of pipefitting in marine hulls. Written by the Chief Piping Estimator of the New York Shipbuilding Corp., this is an explanation of systems, methods, and tools designed to give the marine pipefitter a real idea of what he is doing and how to do it.	Not particularly easy but undoubtedly sound.
FOREMANSHIP TRAINING *Capt. Richard B. Starr (Ed.)* (Prentice-Hall, Inc.: $2.65)	Personnel	A study guide and handbook, with charts and questionnaires for industrial foremen. Explains the function, performance, problems, and principles of training for foremen and the nature of the labor problems they have to contend with.	Well thought out but schoolteacherish and sometimes labored. Not for the man with an imaginative sense of human relations.

(Continued on next page)

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(Continued from preceding page)

Title, Author, Publisher, Price	Field	Nature	Judgment
MINERALS IN WORLD AFFAIRS *T. S. Lovering* (Prentice-Hall, Inc.: $5.35)	Economic Geography	A volume in Prentice-Hall's Geology Series presenting a complete survey of the distribution of minerals and the effect of their value and relative abundance and scarcity on the economy of nations and on international relations.	A book which will be in demand at any peace conference and which anyone interested in future peace and future world economics will have to read. Clearly and convincingly written and illustrated by many maps and diagrams. Extremely valuable at this time.
AMERICAN MERCHANT SEAMAN'S MANUAL *Felix M. Cornell and Allan C. Hoffman* (Cornell Maritime Press: $3.50) (Ill.)	Merchant Marine Handbook	Third edition of a standard work—a guide for the merchant seaman, covering seamanship, navigation, laws concerning seamen, ship construction, safety, sanitation, handling of small boats, rules of the road, and general information.	If seamen have time to read, this will prove to be excellent reading, for it is good, sound advice served up in readable style.
AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTION HANDBOOK *Thomas A. Dickinson* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.: $2.50) (Ill.)	Aeronautical Technology	A handbook of aircraft types based upon principles of structure and design, explaining aerodynamics and the nature of aircraft structures, shop practice, and methods of assembly and inspection.	Valuable chiefly to workers in aircraft construction and assembly plants but of interest to anyone who wishes to understand the problems of the aircraft industry. Illustrated by many excellent drawings and photographs.
WAR PLANES OF ALL NATIONS *William Winter* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.: $3.)	Military Aviation	An encyclopedic handbook of types of planes in production at the time the book was written (early 1943) consisting of brief specifications, action photographs, and silhouette drawings.	Well-arranged and comprehensive book marred by the limitations of time and censorship. The important planes of tomorrow—even of today—are not even hinted at here.
THE USE OF AIR POWER *Flight Lt. V. E. R. Blunt, R.A.F.* (Military Service Publishing Co.: $1.)	Military History and Tactics—Aviation	An American edition of an English book which in different form got the author eased out of the R.A.F., although its thesis is now the accepted function of the Royal Air Force. It explains, with examples, the use of aircraft as a military arm.	Concise, readable, and sure-footed. The author admits the limitations of air power but in doing so convinces the reader of its strength.

Womanpower on the March

BY YOUR LEAVE, SIR. By Helen Hull Jacobs. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1943. 260 *pp.* $2.

ANGEL OF THE NAVY. By Joan Angel. New York: Hastings House. 1943. 200 *pp.* $2.

WARTIME OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN. By Evelyn M. Steele. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1943. 181 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CATHERINE REDMOND

TODAY the nation's womanpower is on the march—a march destined to have many reverberations in the annals of our times. These three books, two of which bear the identical subtitle "The Story of a Wave," all deal with women in war jobs and thus belong in a category of military literature new to this war. None of the three, however, adds particularly to the information already available on women in the armed forces or in industrial employment.

When Helen Hull Jacobs put on the uniform of a lieutenant (junior grade) in the Women's Reserve of the United States Navy, she entered upon a career far different from anything she had known in her years of tennis playing, which culminated in her winning the world's championship at Wimbledon in 1936. The desire to describe her own new experiences and restate the part that Waves are playing in today's war undoubtedly prompted Miss Jacobs to write this novel about Becky McLeod. Becky is a Wave whose story begins on the night she loses her English fiancé in a London air raid and ends, months later, when she has finished her boot training at Northampton and received her commission and her orders to active duty.

Joan Angel, Pharmacist's Mate, U.S.N.R., is the official, honest-to-goodness name of "Angel of the Navy." Joan was twenty years old when she signed up with the Waves and left her New York City home for boot training at Iowa State Teacher's College at Cedar Falls. Her book is a humorous but highly credible account of Miss Angel's adventures during her initial months in the service, including German measles and a serious love affair, both contracted on her first active duty assignment at the United States Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Maryland.

There are portions of this book (particularly its account of "scuttlebutt" rumors) which make boot training seem on a par with dormitary life in any college. However, it has moments of quiet seriousness mixed with its levity and the convincing quality of Miss Angel's talent makes her book leave the feeling that even the youngest and silliest Wave will eventually attain a maturity commensurate with her new responsibility.

Evelyn Steele is a specialist in vocational surveys. Her book is an index to the different war jobs open to women today, from enlistment in the armed forces to work as a skilled spot welder or in volunteer service in a day nursery. She has assembled her data with painstaking care and in her foreword gives full acknowledgment to the Government agencies, the defense plants, the airline companies, and ship building firms that helped her outline the qualifications for each specific job. Moreover, she presents her material clearly and uses a great many pictures with her text.

Miss Steele's book gains its chief distinction over the many others on the same subject in that it takes a long view of wartime jobs. It sees such employment as a way in which women can make an immediate contribution to victory, but it also envisions a postwar world where women will continue in profitable vocations they have entered during the emergency. From this viewpoint the author stresses the importance of thorough training for any job chosen. For with a background of training and experience women will be equipped to meet the competition for jobs—in industry particularly—that will inevitably follow the war's end and the return of men to civilian occupations.

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The Air Invasion of Crete

AIRBORNE INVASION. The Story of the Battle of Crete. By John Hetherington. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 178 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

TWO years and more have passed since the Germans, with the first airborne invasion in history, attacked and conquered Crete. That battle, with its flaming heroism and its bitter end, is history now. The tide has turned; Rommel has been thrown out of Africa, American and British troops are fighting side by side, and on Sicily they have demonstrated how they learned from defeat. It is our turn now, our turn to descend on the enemy from the skies, to batter him and blast him from the air, to bomb his airdromes and send his aircraft down as flaming coffins. It is a good time to remember now what went before, to taste again the impotent fury with which we all watched the *Wehrmacht* on its march to conquest two years ago. It is a good time to remember heroes of defeat, and to pay homage to them.

Two years ago, sitting helplessly in Switzerland, I was bitter about the British retreat in Greece and that last terrible battle in Crete. In Germany I had had to sit and listen to the Germans gloat about Dunkerque, and I grew sick of British propaganda, too, that spoke of evacuations as glorious victories. This seemed to me hypocrisy that would not recognize defeat for what it was. From that perspective it seemed criminally foolish to send men into hopeless battles and then, when the inevitable came to pass, to cite their futile efforts as strategic gains. Watching the battle of Greece and Crete from Berne, it seemed to me that this was just another instance of men and nations being sold down the river in the vague, long-range hope that some day, somehow, their sacrifice would be worthwhile.

That was a narrow outlook, and the result of living in the narrow walls of Nazi Germany under the pressure of times when everything went wrong for our side. No one can doubt today that Dunkerque was a victory. No one can doubt that Britain did not send her men to Greece and Crete in vain. And, with the Germans fighting desperately to preserve their last chance of a Dunkerque in Sicily, it is good to think that they, too, must realize today—every last officer and soldier of them—how great were the victories of Britain's long series of evacuations.

That is why it is good that we should have a book now on the Battle of Crete. If ever there was a desperate, hopeless fight it was that fight; if ever there was a band of heroes, it was Major-General Bernard Freyberg and his men. John Hetherington, the Australian correspondent who has been covering the Middle East and Mediterranean area for three years and a half, watched that fight and he has written a report of it that should go down in history.

It was a terribly unequal battle—but a bloodbath for the Germans. It was a battle which the Germans, despite their immense superiority, almost lost. On the second day, says Hetherington, the Germans were so seriously worried by the terrible shellacking their first paratroop invaders had taken that they almost abandoned the attempt. But prestige and propaganda reasons drove them to keep on trying, though it meant driving their men into deathtraps. And because they threw them in with such reckless disregard of losses and overwhelming numbers, they finally won.

The British, digging in frantically after their retreat from Greece, never doubted for a moment that the Germans would come, and by air. They first thought the invasion would begin on May 1 or 2; when that passed, they set the date at May 15, three days after the moon was full. The Germans came on May 20, with their crack soldiers. There was no R.A.F. to oppose them—what was left of the handful of planes after the preliminary air battles was forced to evacuate a few days before.

But the Germans, when they came, were slaughtered. They got a fingerhold near one airdrome—Maleme—but they were able to expand that only at suicidal cost by landing troop carriers in a withering crossfire. The defenders murdered these planes, shot them down by the dozen. No one knows how many Germans died on that field. But a few planes got down. That was the turning point—the Germans had to have one airfield at least, and they got it at Maleme, not counting the cost.

Crete may appear a small battle in relation to the immense campaigns fought since it fell. Its strategic importance may seem small when compared with the objectives we have in mind today—Sicily, Italy, the Balkans, perhaps Norway or France. Crete was, after all, a stepping-stone, and a stepping-stone it remains. But for the Germans, in 1941, it might have been a stepping-stone to the Middle East. If they had won it without a fight—who knows where they might have landed next?

But there is no way of measuring the valor of heroes. And today, as we enter the battlefields where these men fought and died, we would do well to remember John Hetherington's words:

> Nobody could have fought a better fight than these men fought for Crete. . . . Nobody could have died more gallantly than they died under the last of fire from an enemy triply strong in arms. . . .
>
> And they will be remembered, these men who saved the Middle East, perhaps the British Commonwealth of Nations, from Nazi Germany in May, 1941. They will be remembered—and avenged—on the day the United Nations return to Crete and hurl the Nazis back across the Aegean. They will be remembered in the years of peace to come when men have forgotten the evil things of war and remember only its hours of shining heroism. They will be remembered because the splendid flower of their courage cannot die.

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PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

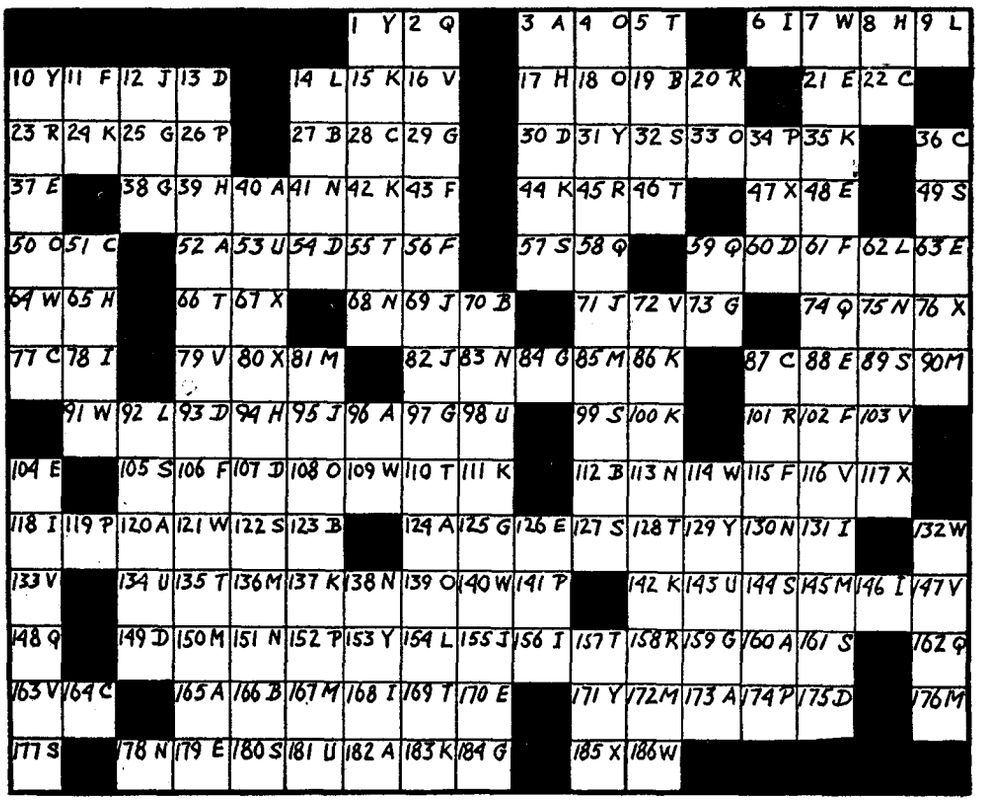
CONCERNING Sir Thomas Beecham's use of *noctalyptic* in his "A Mingled Chime," Thaddeus Gorecki, Philadelphia, Steven Byington, and H. W. K. Hale, New Hampshire, think he meant *nyctalopic.* My guess is that Sir Thomas knowingly "mixed his drinks," preferring the root used in music, *nocturnus,* to the less common one used in medicine, *nyctalops*—both meaning *night.* Amusing, isn't it?

As is also my coming across last week in Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," between Dr. Johnson and Horne (afterward named Tooke), this pertinent comment voiced by Dr. J.: "There is a fastidiousness in the use of language that indicates an atrophy of mind. We must take words as the world presents them to us. without looking at the root. If we grubbed under this and laid it bare . . . every expression would be constrained and crampt." And he goes on to illustrate his point thus: "Take for instance a phrase in common use, *You are rather late.* Can anything seem plainer? Yet *rather,* as you know, meant originally *earlier,* being the comparative of *rathe*—the 'rathe primrose' of the poet recalls it. We cannot say *You are sooner late;* but who is so troublesome and silly as to question the propriety of saying *You are rather late?"*

Mary Folwell Hoisington, Rye, N. Y., gives us a contrasting picture of herself, first, weeding in the heat and getting almost dizzy picking off Japanese beetles, and then a period of relaxation on her screened northeast porch with the latest DC. Mrs. H. can find no fault with our foreign-derived words, for she seems versed in all languages. She uses the Latin of her girlhood now to translate mottoes on coats-of-arms for her daughter, a family genealogist; she keeps up her French reading and has a smattering of German and Spanish for translating poetry; she used to translate Afghan and Persian ballads and knew Koranic roots; and her special hobby for years was a study of India. "The Kalevala" she loved as a child, from a translation by the Swedish Consul in Philadelphia.

Elizabeth Frost Michaelis, Gainsville. Ga., teacher of music in Brenan College, but originally a New Englander, also finds pleasure in unusual words, but she likes best the quotation as "thrillingly it emerges."

How unintentional is often my use of unusual words the following evidences: At the finish of a DC, on checking, I found I had used up in the words an A of the Acrostic. In breaking up the words formed to make the word needed, *aperture* became *aperu,* straight Egyptian, "A class of foreign laborers mentioned in late Egyptian inscriptions, formerly considered by some as identical with the Hebrews." E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 491

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 23 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Upstairs and downstairs (3 wds.)
B. A quantity less than the usual unit in transactions (2 wds.: (Com. & Fin.)
C. German chemist (1800-82; a founder of organic chemistry).
D. Slandered; calumniated.
E. A dish that has been warmed over (Fr.)
F. Biblical heroine of opera by Saint-Saëns.
G. Untrammeled (comp.)
H. Cousin and General of Saul (Bib.)
I. One who resorts to evasion in reasoning.
J. A Biblical place symbolic of hell torments.
K. To shape, form, fashion.
L. A terrier famed for its gameness.
M. Collared like a twisted chain.
N. Awakening the intellect or emotions to an exalted degree.
O. One of Job's three friends.
P. Omitted and suppressed from consideration.
Q. A blow on the head.
R. To punish; thrash.
S. Done or obtained by concealing the truth.
T. English dramatist (1570-1627).
U. Opposed to *supine.*
V. A British-Spanish slave-trade contract (1713-1750).
W. Unconquerable.
X. A Malay feather palm.
Y. Novel by Henry Adams (1884) under pseudonym of Francis Snow Compton.

WORDS

3 96 120 165 40 160 124 173 182 52
166 70 123 112 19 27
87 36 51 28 77 22 164
107 149 30 60 54 175 93 13
170 88 126 21 104 179 37 48 63
56 43 61 115 106 102 11
38 84 125 184 25 97 159 73 29
94 17 8 65 39
118 146 156 6 131 78 168
155 69 82 71 12 95
42 24 142 86 15 111 137 183 44 100 35
62 92 9 154 14
176 85 167 136 150 172 145 90 81
113 41 178 151 75 83 128 120 68
108 18 33 50 4 139
174 34 119 26 152 141
162 58 59 74 2 148
23 101 158 45 20
32 105 89 122 180 57 99 49 144 177 127 161
128 66 46 5 55 135 157 169 110
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79 103 16 72 147 116 133 163
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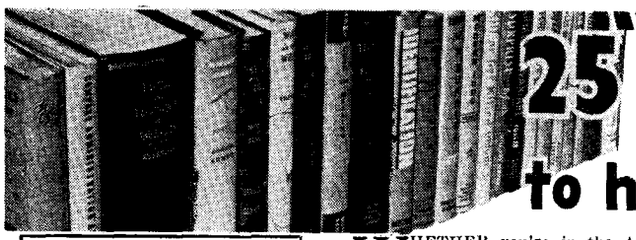

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